THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. 1. NOVEMBER, 1866. VOL. II.

GEN. HAMPTON'S REPORT

*Of Operations of 1st and 2d Divisions of Cavalry, from the 8th to the 28th June, 1864.**

H'D. QRS. 1st Div. Cavalry,
July 9th, 1864.

COLONEL:

Having notified the General Commanding, on the morning of the 8th June, that Sheridan with a heavy force of cavalry and artillery, had crossed the Pamunkey, I was ordered to take one division, in addition to my own, and follow him. Supposing that he would strike at Gordonsville, and Charlottesville, I moved rapidly with my division, so as to interpose my command between him and the places named above, at the same time directing Major General Fitz Lee to follow, as speedily as possible. In two days march, I accomplished the object I had in view,—that of placing myself in front of the enemy,—and I camped on the night of the 10th in Green Spring Valley, three miles beyond Trevillian's Station on the Central Rail Road, whilst General Fitz Lee camped the same night near Louisa C. H. Hearing during the night that the enemy had crossed the North Anna at Carpenter's Ford, I determined to attack him at daylight. General Lee was ordered to attack on the road leading from Louisa C. H. to Clayton's Store, whilst my division would attack on the road from Trevillian's Station to the same point. By this disposition of my troops, I hoped to cover Lee's left and my right flank—to drive the enemy back if he attempted to reach Gordonsville by passing to my left, and to conceal my real design, which was to strike him at Clayton's Store, after uniting the two divisions. At daylight my division was ready to attack at Trevillians, Butler's and Young's brigades being held for that purpose, whilst Rosser was sent to cover a road on my left.—Soon after these dispositions were made, General Lee sent to inform me that he was moving out to attack. Butler was immediately advanced and soon met the enemy whom he drove handsomely until he was heavily reinforced and took position behind works. Young's brigade was sent to reinforce Butler and these two brigades pushed the enemy steadily back, and I hoped to effect a junction with Lee's division at Clayton's Store, in a short time. But whilst we were driving the enemy in front, it was reported to me that a force had appeared in my rear. Upon

* Never before published.

investigation, I found this report correct, the brigade which had been engaging General Lee having withdrawn from his front, passed his left and got into my rear. This forced me to withdraw in front and to take up a new line. This was soon done, and the brigade which had attacked me in rear—Custer's—was severely punished, for I recalled Rosser's brigade, which charged them in front, driving them back against General Lee—who was moving up to Trevillian's—and capturing many prisoners. In this sudden attack on my rear, the enemy captured some of my led horses, a few ambulances and wagons and three caissons. These were all recaptured by General Rosser and General Lee; the latter taking in addition four caissons and the H'd. Qrs. wagon of Brigadier General Custer. My new line being established, I directed General Lee to join me with his command as soon as possible.—The enemy tried to dislodge me from my new position, but failed, and the relative positions of the opposing forces remained the same during the night. The next day at 12 m. General Lee reported to me, and his division was placed so as to support mine in case the enemy attacked. At 3 30 p. m. a heavy attack was made on my left, where Butler's brigade was posted. Being repulsed, the enemy made a succession of determined assaults, which were all handsomely repulsed. In the meantime, General Lee had by my directions, reinforced Butler's left with Wickham's brigade, whilst he took Lomax's brigade across to the Gordonsville road so as to strike the enemy on his right flank. This movement was successful, and the enemy who had been heavily punished in front, when attacked on his flank, fell back in confusion, leaving his dead and a portion of his wounded on the field. I immediately gave orders to follow him up, but it was daylight before these orders could be carried out, the fight not having ended until 10 p. m. In this interval, the enemy had withdrawn entirely, leaving his dead scattered over the whole field, with about 125 wounded on the ground and in temporary hospitals. We captured, in addition to the wounded, in the fight and the pursuit 570 prisoners. My loss in my own division, was 59 killed, 258 wounded and 295 missing. Total 612. Amongst the former I have to regret the loss of Lieutenant Colonel McAllister, 7th Georgia, who behaved with great gallantry, and Captain Russel, of the same regiment, who was acting as Major. In the list of wounded were Brigadier General Rosser, who received a painful wound in the first day's fight whilst charging the enemy at the head of his brigade, and whose absence from the field was a great loss to me;—Colonel Aiken, 6th So. Ca., who had borne himself with marked good conduct during the fight;—Lieutenant Colonel King, Cobb Legion, who was wounded in a charge—and Major Anderson, 7th Georgia. The enemy in his retreat crossed the river at Carpenter's Ford and kept down on the north bank of the stream. As he had a pontoon train with him, which enabled him to cross the river at any point, I was forced to keep on the south of the rivers, so as to interpose my command between him and Grant's army, which he was seeking to rejoin.—During several days, whilst we marched on parallel lines, I constantly offered battle, which he studiously declined and he followed the northern bank of the Mattapony and the Pamunkey until he gained the shelter of his gunboats on the latter at the White House, where he crossed during the night. Here he met a strong reinforcement, with ample supplies and after resting a day,

he moved down the river, thence across the country to the Forge Bridges, where he crossed the Chickahominy. Chambliss' brigade, which had joined me two days previous, attacked him at this point and drove him some distance. Fearing that he might pass up the James River, through Charles city C. H. and Westover, I took position that night so as to cover the roads from Long Bridge to the latter place. The next morning, the 24th June—he drove in my pickets at Samaria Church and advanced beyond Nance's Shop. I determined to attack him and to this end I ordered Brigadier General Gary, who had joined me that morning, to move from Salem Church around to Smith's Store and to attack on the flank, as soon as the attack in front commenced. General Lee left Lomax to hold the river road and brought Wickham to join in the attack.—The necessary arrangements having been made, General Gary advanced from Smith's Store and took position near Nance's Shop. The enemy had in the meantime thrown up strong works along his whole line and his position was a strong one. As soon as Gary had engaged the enemy, Chambliss was thrown forward, and by a movement handsomely executed, connected with him, and the two brigades were thrown on the flank of the enemy. At the same moment, the whole line under the immediate command of Major General Fitz Lee charged the works of the enemy, who after fighting stubbornly for a short time, gave way, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. This advance of our troops was made in the face of a very heavy fire of artillery and musketry and it was most handsomely accomplished. As soon as the enemy gave way, I brought up the Phillips' and the Jeff. Davis Legions mounted, ordering them to charge. This they did most gallantly, driving the enemy for three miles in confusion. Robbins' battalion and the 12th Virginia cavalry were mounted and participated in a part of this charge, in which Lieutenant Colonel Massie, commanding the latter, was wounded whilst gallantly leading his men over the works of the enemy. The enemy were completely routed and were pursued to within 2½ miles of Charles city C. H.,—the pursuit lasting till 10 o'clock at night.—We captured 157 prisoners, including 1 colonel and 12 commissioned officers and the enemy left their wounded, amounting to quite a large number, scattered over the ground upon which we had fought. My loss was 6 killed and 59 wounded in my own division.—The reports of losses from the other commands have not been sent to me. Sheridan retreated to Wynoke Neck in order to cross the James River under protection of the gunboats, and I, in accordance with instructions from the General commanding, moved on the 26th June to the Pontoon Bridge, with a view to cross and join the army on the south side of the James River. This closed my operations, which had for their object the defeat of Sheridan's movement in our rear.

The recent publications of the enemy, together with some of their orders which have been captured, show that Sheridan's object was to destroy Gordonsville and Charlottesville, with the Rail Road near those places—to unite with Hunter in his attack on Lynchburg, and after the capture of that place to move their joint forces to the White House on the Pamunkey, from which point they could join Grant, or threaten Richmond. Sheridan was defeated at Trevillian's—was punished in the skirmishes at the White House and Forge Bridges, and was routed at Samaria Church. We captured 852 prisoners, whilst his loss in killed and wounded was very

heavy. I beg to express my entire satisfaction at the conduct of officers and men in my command. Major General Fitz Lee co-operated with me heartily and rendered valuable assistance. Brigadier General Butler, who commanded my division a part of the time; General Rosser and Col. Wright in my own command, all discharged their duties admirably. The same may be said of Colonel Dulaney, who succeeded to the command of Rosser's brigade, after General Rosser was wounded.

Brig. General Chambliss with his brigade rendered most efficient service, as did Brigadier General Gary, both of these commands contributing largely to the success at Samaria Church. The subordinate officers have sustained their superiors well, and the men could not have behaved better than they did. The artillery under Maj. Chew was admirably handled and did good service. I am under obligations to my staff for the very able assistance they gave me, and I take pleasure in expressing not only my obligations, but my thanks to them. When the Gen. commanding takes into consideration the disparity in numbers of the troops engaged, the many disadvantages under which my men labored, their hard marches, their want of supplies, their numerous privations, and the cheerfulness with which these were borne, he will, I trust be satisfied with the results accomplished.

I have the honor to be,
Very Respectfully,
WADE HAMPTON,
Maj. Gen.

To Lt. Col. Taylor,
A. A. Gen.

"IN DURA CATENA."

Chain the Eagle and veil his eyes!
Torture him dumb and dim!
For how were the foul and the base of soul
Free, till they fetter'd him!

Bind him! Blind him! Blacken him; yea,
Blight him forevermore!
Brothers! doubt, if the bird ye cage
Was ever so free, before.

Never a flight so near the stars,
Never a gaze so clear,
To meet the flush of a lovelier dawn
In a loftier atmosphere!

Brothers; judge if your dungeon's depth
Grow bright in his cloudless fame;
Brothers, doubt if the shadow of death
Be dark to your midnight shame!

Ah! my Brothers! the world has lost
Its grace and worth! 'Tis time
Ye planted a cross for love to clasp,
For loyalty to climb.

THE LOW COUNTRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.*

The agricultural community was composed of two classes of planters. The first consisted of the rice planters, among whom were found the oldest families, and who almost universally adhered to the Episcopal Church; for this branch of agriculture and many of the families interested in it dated back from the early days of the colony. Their landed property covered the fresh water alluvions of this region, and their mansions were seated chiefly on the banks of the numerous rivers which intersect this coast. This interest embraced half the wealth of the lower country. The second class consisted of planters engaged in growing that variety of cotton so remarkable for the fineness and length of its staple, requiring the most careful cultivation and thriving only on a narrow strip of country. It was much cultivated in some localities on the main land, but more successfully on the chain of islands lying between Charleston harbor and the mouth of the Savannah river. Many parts of these were, six years ago, among the most highly cultivated regions of America. A peculiar and skillful system of tillage applied to the production and improvement of this agricultural staple had gradually grown up there, and had covered these islands with valuable estates and luxurious homes. These island planters did not so many of them make Charleston their summer home, but more generally sought, on some point on the sea shore a healthy and agreeable residence not far from their plantations. They were generally men of education, and most of them attached to the Episcopal Church, but yet had stamped upon them more local peculiarities of manner, language and opinions than those who lived more in the city. Before steam boats had become so common a means of transportation—and indeed long since then, the island planter's equipage was peculiar and expensive. He seldom came to town in his carriage across one or more fields by a circuitous route, but generally in his barge, a canoe of monstrous size, of beautiful model and handsomely finished, rowed by eight or ten negroes, and gliding through the troubled waters at from 7 to 8 miles an hour—the negroes pulling the more lustily, as each of them had on board some small store of produce which he was eager to sell in town. As the island planter's crop was highly valuable in proportion to its weight, being worth from 30 to 100 cts per pound—the same vehicle in the course of the season brought his crop to market, 10 or 15 bales at a time.

Charleston early became more than a mere commercial city. A number of families, the largest proprietors, in the lower country, had for several generations town residences there. And this frequently became the chief home of the family. With the addition of the families of the better class of professional men—these made up an attractive society. Intercourse with a large and varied circle of acquaintance, public amusements, and the bustle and the animation of a seaport—made the quiet country home and neighborhood dull by comparison—and gradually many of the richer families belonged fully as much to the town as to their country homes. The residences of the planters made up a large part of the city, embracing many of the finest mansions; their families and needlessly

* Continued from last number.

numerous servants formed a large portion of the population. There were not many very handsome houses, and unlike most other cities, it seemed composed of large villas, comfortable rather than showy, built in a style suited to a hot climate, every house having one or more piazzas, and a garden of some size adjacent to it. The chief indication of wealth Charleston afforded, was the very large number of private carriages and saddle-horses seen in the streets. Every planter kept his carriage; the heat of the climate rendered it desirable in town, and journeys to and from the plantation rendered it necessary to his family—so that in summer especially there were many hundred private carriages kept in Charleston, and every young man of any means kept his saddle-horse. In fact the people of Charleston had more of the tastes and habits of rural life than is usually compatible with life in a city, and from some peculiar features of the lower country, which rendered it difficult to clear and improve many of the swamps and other low lands—game was abundant and deer were still hunted and killed within six or seven miles of the city.

The business and prosperity of Charleston was based almost exclusively on the highly cultivated country within seventy or eighty miles of it, not so much on the fact that the produce of that region came to market there, as on the far more important fact that the owners of that produce spent the greater part of their incomes there. Not only the planters who lived much in Charleston, but the far more numerous class, who only occasionally visited it, made their expenditures chiefly at that point. It was the supplying of the wants of this region of country that made up the retail trade—the chief source of the profits of the community. The city derived but a small profit from the sale of the planter's crop, but a large profit from the expenditure of his income.

There were thus many rich and well educated families, whose time for some generations had been habitually divided between town and country life. The winter and spring was given to plantation life, to overseers, negroes and crops, not inimical with field sports and hospitable intercourse with country neighbors. The long summer was a period of comparative leisure passed in a city, where chiefly the planter had been educated, where he had access to much good society, and opportunity and inducements to intellectual improvement, and with an educated man leisure itself tends to further the intellectual development. The tendency of this mode of life was to make the planter at once, the man of business and the man of society; to make him energetic and active, for he had to crowd his business into little more than half the year; to make him cultivated and polished, for a period of leisure was passed in the midst of an educated and refined society under circumstances that stimulated him rather to mental than bodily activity. Accordingly many acquired a taste for books, not a few took an active and prominent part in political life. Most of them had travelled much in this country, and not a few in Europe, and some in early life had served in the army and navy.—The families of this agricultural interest constituted the body of the best society in Charleston.—But there would be something narrow in any society that did not embrace men of a variety of professions and pursuits, and this was supplied by the most respectable professional men, and their families, and those of some merchants, more particularly those who were natives.

Although Charleston was resorted to by many as a summer

residence, yet the gayest season there, the period when a stranger was most likely to visit it, was during the latter part of January and the month of February. During this time the annual races for several days came off over the Washington Course in the suburbs of the city. This brought down the country gentlemen from far and near. When the town was full of their acquaintances, those who were disposed to entertain company on a large scale chose this time, more especially, for exercising their hospitality. Besides many large and set dinner parties given at great expense, a succession of balls, sometimes more than one on the same night, and for which several hundred invitations were sent out, followed each other until March or the beginning of Lent. As a large majority of the gay and fashionable were, or called themselves, members of the Episcopal Church, and professed respect for the observances enjoined by it—the arrival of this season put a stop to these festivities, and most families hastened back to their country homes. For many years the annual convention of the Episcopal Church of the diocese of South Carolina met in Charleston about the period of the races; and many a country gentleman came to town to represent his parish as a lay delegate in the Convention, and at the same time to partake of the fashionable diversion of horse racing. The more considerate and devout portion of the church, however, struck with the incongruity of these two objects in coming to town, had the meetings of the Convention put off to a later season.

It must be understood however that gaming was less a characteristic of the Charleston races than of any other in the U. S. As the course was close to the city—the races were attended, especially in former days, by a great number of ladies, in handsome equipages, and stylish horsemen hung about them. Latterly on reaching the course the carriages were abandoned, and fashionable company assembled in the spacious stand, a large building, from which they could see the races to advantage, and what was yet more their object could conveniently meet and converse with a large circle of acquaintances. Nothing was seen of the gaming, unless you chose to hunt up the gamesters.

At other seasons, especially in summer, the entertainments given, were on a smaller scale; dinner parties embracing a small number of guests, and evening parties, now no longer crowded to a painful excess.

The tone of gay society however had been declining in Charleston for many years past from two causes. Few married people and others of mature age went as formerly to large evening parties, thus withdrawing an element that advantageously tempered and elevated the tone of society, which has latterly been composed too exclusively of very young and unmarried persons. And of late years there have appeared in society too many specimens of the fast man and woman, characteristics caught we believe by too much intercourse with Northern society and little tolerated in Charleston in former days.

Although Charleston was not a large city, for its commerce was artificially depressed by political causes, it possessed many characteristics of a true capital, all the interest and social ties of the surrounding country being represented there. It was a centre of thought and opinion to the whole State, and justly so—for there was much mental culture, varied attainment and true refinement assembled within hearing of the chimes of St. Michael's bells.

Except Charleston, there was no considerable town in the lower

country; but many villages much resorted to in summer, and at that season affording agreeable and well informed society, had sprung up in the gloomy and monotonous pine forests, and at far more attractive points on the sea shore.—Conspicuous among these was the town of Beaufort made up almost exclusively of the families of planters, most of which had held considerable properties in that neighborhood for some generations.—No where else would you find among the same number so many persons of education and breeding, and no where but in Scotland almost a whole community embracing so few names—and so much connected by the ties of blood, chiefly through their descent from one family, the Barnwells, settled there from the early days of the colony. Beaufort, delightfully situated on the waters of Port Royal, in close vicinity to that noble harbor, had water communication in every direction with the plantations around it and the inhabitants were much given to aquatic as well as field sports.—The tone of society in Beaufort, unlike Charleston, was checked and tamed by the very rigid notions prevalent there as to the frivolity and sinfulness of many amusements highly attractive to the young and gay, although most families there were members of the Episcopal Church, usually considered lax on this point.

Nothing can indicate more strongly the tenacity with which families in the lower country have clung to the community and the homes in which they were planted several generations ago, than the fact that we can name several families in different parts of it, who by taking a little pains can enumerate more than a thousand persons akin to them—and nearly all of these, persons in a somewhat similar social position with themselves. One family can enumerate sixty kinsmen who have fallen in the Confederate service. There are also many instances of gangs of negroes numbering two or three hundred, which have remained on the same plantation, or in the possession of the same family, for several generations—and every individual negro was related to almost all of the others.

Similar instances are rare elsewhere among the restless and migratory population of the U. S., and this permanence in the homes of the population would seem, yet is not, incompatible with the facts which appear from the census of 1850, which shows that of all the States, the people of South Carolina have been latterly most given to emigration, and that for every hundred whites born in South Carolina and then living there, there were fifty nine natives of the State living beyond its borders.—This applies to the whites. Something like this was also true of the negroes. The population of South Carolina has always been increasing rapidly, but kept down by emigration, first in the middle of the last century to Georgia, and latterly also to all the States west and south of it. In several of them whole neighborhoods can be found peopled from South Carolina. Besides many negroes sold out of the State, many emigrants carried negroes with them, and some removed large gangs at once from some worn out plantation to the virgin soil of the west.

Among the early settlers of the colony were many of a better class of people, and some families prospered and continued to prosper perhaps through a combination of fortuitous circumstances, perhaps through some personal qualities which were inherited. Superior abilities or energy often continue to show themselves, in some individuals at least of the same family, for several generations. But we believe that a constitutional temperance in many cases chiefly enabled the colonist and his descend-

ants to adapt themselves to conditions of life so trying to the white race, and that many families became extinct through the retention of some of the gross appetites characteristic of the people of northern climates.

In no part of the Southern States had there been more permanence in the relations between the negroes and their masters; grandfathers, fathers, and sons of each race often holding successively the same relations respectively to each other. This tended greatly to soften the harsher features of slavery.

One of the changes in the lower country, within the recollection of the writer of this article, was an increased sense of obligation to provide for the religious instruction and spiritual wants of the slave. He has seen much zealous labor, and much liberal expenditure directed to this end, often with little judgment. In this matter it was chiefly individuals and congregations of the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches that have fallen under his observation. In many cases much apparent success was the result. Yet it is his conviction that the negroes can only become and continue a christian people, while in close connection with and under the control of a superior race. Docile as they are, they cannot be trained to any high and permanent religious life. Left to themselves, christianity would sink soon into a wretched superstition, and die out rapidly. The conscientious laborer in this field will not lose his final reward. Yet we cannot but sympathize with a devout and learned clergyman, a native of England, who had devoted himself to the instruction of a multitude of negroes on several large plantations in the richest portion of the State. He witnessed the utter contempt they suddenly showed for all that he had taught them to hold most sacred, and was forced to admit that he had seen perish in half an hour the labor of thirty years.

Of the families of most note in colonial times, many are extinct—but not a few remain and continue to hold high social positions. Most of them are of English origin, but several derive their names at least from Huguenot colonists. Intermarriages for several generations has very much connected these old families with each other. It is not our purpose to give an account of particular families, yet it may indicate what the condition of society in the lower country has been, to mention a few facts as to some of them.

The Middletons, sprung from a good English family, a branch of which holds the rank of Baronet in England, have long been prominent in society in the lower country.—From the time of Arthur Middleton who took the lead in the overthrow of the government of the Lords Proprietors in 1719, and who was soon after made Governor under the Royal government—this family has seldom been without some member conspicuous in public life. Not having come out destitute from England they early acquired large property in the colony—and have retained no little wealth in several branches of the family. Many of them have been distinguished for cultivated minds, refined tastes and devotion to the fine arts. There are moreover more persons among the better class in the lower country, descended from the female branches of this family than from any other in South Carolina.

Middleton Place, on the west bank of Ashley River, the country house of the chief branch of this family for several generations, was perhaps the best known country residence in the State. It was remarkable for the extent and solidity though not the beauty of the mansion, the extensive terraces and shrubbery around it, and the treasures of literature, art and

antiquity it contained, and for its liberal and elegant hospitality from former times down to a late day, when the northern invaders sacked and fired it with more than Gothic barbarity. Among the property there, was a valuable service of plate carried to Russia by the late Henry Middleton, when U. S. Minister at St. Petersburgh, and brought back on his return to this country. An old negro servant had buried it not long before the fall of Charleston in a spot known only to himself and his master. The Yankees had heard of this plate, and not finding it in the house, concluded that no one was more likely to know where it was hid than he who habitually kept it. On his refusal to tell them where it was hid they threatened to hang him, and put their threat into execution by hanging him up for a few minutes, more than once—but on his persistently refusing to betray the trust they repeated the torture once too often, and he died with the secret undivulged.

In the immediate neighborhood stood Drayton Hall, built by the father of that William Henry Drayton, so conspicuous in Carolina and in the Continental Congress early in the revolutionary contest. Though somewhat dilapidated, the mansion was in size, solidity and architectural beauty a rare example of a gentleman's country seat. The torch was about to be applied to it, when learning the name of the family that owned it, the enemy spared it for the sake of a certain commander in the U. S. Navy of the same name and family who having moved to the North was then busy, not in defending his own native State, but in the conquest and devastation of it.

The family of Pinckney appeared early in the history of the colony, but became important through the abilities of Chief Justice Pinckney, of his elder son, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, a man of the most solid capacity as a soldier, lawyer and statesman, Minister to France at a most critical period of our history; of his younger son, Gen. Thomas Pinckney, a gallant soldier and an accomplished gentleman, who is said to have been the best scholar of his day at Westminster school in England, where, according to Colonial custom, he was sent—and by the brilliant abilities and political success of Charles Pinckney nephew to the Chief Justice. He claimed the most important share in framing the constitution of 1789, and was long Minister to Spain, but was a man of far less elevated character than his cousins. The family have retained an elevated social position, and until the war great wealth in more than one branch. The town residence of Chief Justice Pinckney, a striking building from its antique style and spacious apartments, continued until 1861 one of the mansions most distinguished for its hospitality and the excellent society met with there. Its last possessor was a maiden daughter of General C. C. Pinckney, who attained a very great age employing a large fortune chiefly in perhaps too indiscriminate a charity. This building was destroyed by the fire which in Dec. 1861, swept a path through Charleston a furlong wide and more than a mile long. The owner, driven from place to place before the invading enemy, survived several years, witnessing the dilapidation of her own fortunes and regretting more the ruin of her country. Part of her large property consisted of Pinckney Island, on Port Royal harbor, with near 400 negroes on it—from this she had long derived no income, the product of the plantation being expended on the negroes. It was characteristic of her that when she heard that this part of the country had fallen into the hands of the enemy she congratulated

herself that she had already issued to her negroes there, their winter clothes, and learning afterwards the great mortality among them from disease and want, she lamented their condition more than her own loss.

We might add some reminiscences as to the Rutledges, who were closely connected with the Middletons and Pinckneys, and of several other families equally worthy of note, but we distrust our memory and also the interest which the general reader might take in family memories.

Although there was ample room for improvement, the lower country of South Carolina had already attained a high phase of civilization and prosperity, unattainable in such a region but through the association of the two different races under some such social organization as lately existed there. Among the white population there, as elsewhere throughout the world, too many who had enjoyed the advantages of education, of good society, and the opportunities of moral and religious improvement, were neither well informed, well bred, nor virtuous. Yet no where could you more easily find cultivated intellects, refined manners, pure morals, elevated sentiments, a fervent piety and a strong sense of duty, among either sex. And the condition of the negroes there as to their physical and moral well-being would compare advantageously with that of any large body of negroes in a state of freedom in any part of the world.

But a ruined civilization has yielded place to a growing barbarism; wealth and abundance has given way to poverty and want; the garden is fast returning to the wilderness from which it had been won by the skillful labor of generations, and the homes of the enlightened and refined will become the dens of brutalized humanity and of the beast of the forest.—"The wild beast of the desert shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places—the owls shall dwell there and the satyrs dance there." Will this destiny be limited to the lower country of South Carolina?

SCRAPS.

SACONI, the papal nuncio, who is as much a man of the world as churchman, entered a *salon* lately while the company were playing "comparisons," and a charming woman was being "put to the question" on the culprit's stool. "Ah! monseigneur," she cried out to the nuncio, "pray relieve me from my penance. I cannot tell how to answer the question they have asked me." "What is it, then?" "They asked why friendship was like my crinoline." "I see nothing very embarrassing in that, madame. Tell them that in friendship, as in crinoline, appearances are deceitful."

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Doctor Jules Cloquet produced a pair of boots made of the tanned skin of a boa constrictor. This material is remarkably strong and supple; the scales have preserved their natural imbrication and color after the process of tanning, and the inside of the scales in alternate reliefs and depressions. Doctor Cloquet observed that it would be desirable to make further attempts to introduce the skins of the inferior vertebrata into trade, seeing that, as to thickness and durability, they decidedly offer greater advantages than those of the superior classes.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Mens invicta manet.

The sunny South! the sunny South!
The land that gave us birth;
Where brightest hopes have cheered our youth—
The land of *generous* worth.

The sunny South! though cast in gloom,
Still land of beauteous flowers,
Exhaling fragrance o'er our *doom*
With sweet, refreshing powers.

The sunny South! now almost *mute*,
Still land of precious store,
Where nature yields her choicest fruit,
With sweetness crimson'd o'er

The sunny South! awake! awake!
Rise, like your mountains, rise!
The birds sing sweetly for your sake,
Beneath bright, genial skies.

The sunny South! be high your aim—
Adorn your golden prime;—
Unconquered minds you still can claim,
And make your lives sublime.

The sunny South! heroic, grand!
Where *high-souled men* did dare
To bleed and die!—a noble band—
For home, and for the Fair.

The sunny South! let virtues blend
In thee, all lands above;
Then God propitious smiles will lend,
And bless the land we love.

C. L. H.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF BISHOP POLK.

Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, N. C., April 10th, 1806, the fourth son of Col. Wm. Polk.

His boyhood was full of fun and frolic, but never mingled with cruelty or unkindness;—with the quickest sensibilities he felt and resented the least injustice to others. His character for truthfulness was early established and he has been heard to say, that the highest compliment he ever received and the most valued, was once, when at school a dispute occurred between teachers and pupils, and it being considered needful to have a statement of facts, he was selected as the one who would tell the truth, even if he inculpated himself in so doing. His sole aim at first was to do what was becoming a *gentleman*,

and when a higher standard was formed, duty was always paramount, everything yielded to that; comfort, fortune, family, weighed as nothing in the scale with this.

He entered West Point in 1823. What he was there will be best told by those who were his companions; all liked him and admired his character, which was free from everything low and bad. At the end of two years he was much interested in the subject of religion. After he became a soldier of Christ, his great desire was to bring no stain upon his character as a christian, and rather than fail in what he thought duty, he exerted himself when suffering from illness, refusing to yield to it; the consequence was an aggravated attack of pneumonia, from which for years he did not recover, an adhesion having taken place in the left lobe of the lungs; previous to this illness, he could "out-run, out-wrestle and out-jump" every one at West Point. He always esteemed it one of his blessings that he became the room-mate of Albert Sidney Johnston, who watched over him at first as if he had been an elder brother, and finding him worthy, though somewhat his junior, made him his friend: for the three years during which they occupied the same room, nothing marred their friendly relations, which indeed were kept up until severed by death. He graduated in 1827.—Was ordained Deacon in 1830, becoming assistant to Bishop Moore in the Monumental Church in Richmond, Va. His health already weakened by hard study, gave way under the duties of a large parish, and the following year after having received priest's orders, he by the advice of physicians, took a sea-voyage and went to Europe, where he remained for more than a twelve-month.

The following anecdote will illustrate his determination not to submit to unlawful exercise of authority. He was traveling from Rome to Naples and at the Neapolitan frontier his baggage was searched and his Bible, Prayer-Book and a copy of Shakspeare detained, with a promise to restore them to him on his return. On his remonstrating, he was told it was useless, as they must be kept by the officials, unless he chose to have his effects sealed and go under guard, at considerable expense, to Naples. To this he agreed and the guard was accordingly mounted on the carriage box and thus escorted he set out for the Capital. At the inn where he stopped for the night he found two elderly English ladies, traveling under each other's protection, who entering into conversation with him asked how he had passed through the custom-house; he informed them that he was then under the escort of a *gens d'arme* with all his baggage sealed—they then remarked that they had also been detained at the frontier, and worse still, had been robbed of their tea and teapot, a grievance upon which they dwelt most eloquently. He immediately interested himself in their case, drew up a statement of the impertinence to which they had been exposed, which they signed, and the next day on reaching Naples he was driven at once to the custom-house, where he laid the whole affair before the proper authorities, and the result was the immediate restoration of books, tea and teapot, and the dismissal of the officers for exceeding their orders. The gratitude of the old ladies procured him many pleasant acquaintances both in Italy and England.

On his return to the United States with renewed health, he removed to Tennessee, and resumed the exercise of his profession, as Rector of the Church in Columbia. He was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the South-West in 1838, and entered upon his du-

ties with all the energy which characterized him.

Upon one occasion descending one of the Southwestern rivers in a small steamer the boat struck a snag and sank, the passengers got ashore with part of their baggage, when it was proposed to walk some seventy miles to the nearest port, the chances for another boat overtaking them speedily, being very slight. The Bishop, an excellent mechanic, thought the boat could be raised and submitted a plan to the captain who begged him to undertake it; with the aid of the crew and some deck passengers this was accomplished, when a boat passing, the Bishop with the others went to the next town below: here on asking the inn-keeper if there was a place for holding church services, he was told that there never had been any preaching in the town and that they did not want it, and that he would be mobbed if he attempted it, however if Mr. ——, the principal merchant in the place would agree, they would not object. On being applied to, Mr ——'s exclamation was, "I left New England to get rid of preaching and don't want it here." His consent having been obtained, arrangements were being made for service on the following Sunday. Flat-boat men, always a lawless set, being in strong force in the town, declared there should be no preaching and if it was attempted they would break it up. In the mean time the steamer which the Bishop had assisted in raising came down, and the hands hearing of this, said "this was not a common preacher, he knew how to work, and if he chose to preach, he should preach, and they would like to see the flat-boat men who would hinder it." A row between the parties was apprehended, but the steamboat hands being most numerous, the boatmen were quiet, and the services passed off without disturbance, a very large and attentive congregation being present. Four years after, the Bishop made another visit to this town and was told there had been no preaching there since his last visit.

An incident is often related which occurred at the mouth of White River. The Bishop from constant living in the open air, a great deal of exercise and very temperate habits, had acquired an appearance of robust health; he always wore, even in the days of thin boots, soles as thick as the present Balmoral, and had an overcoat of Pilot-cloth capable of resisting all weathers. Landing at the mouth of White River to take a boat for Little Rock, he found the regular packet did not leave until an early hour in the morning, and that no one was allowed to sleep on board; he was therefore compelled to go to the tavern, which at that time enjoyed a most unenviable reputation, as the resort of robbers, gamblers and cut-throats, the former members of Murrell's gang. There was no one in the miserable place but himself, he sat with the landlord by the fire until some time after dark, when the inn-keeper advised him if he wished a place to sleep, to secure it before *the boys* came in, as they were now drinking and gambling on board the flat boats at the wharf and would be up before long. He was accordingly shown into a long room with more than a dozen beds—none of the cleanest in the world—where his host left him to go to bed by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle. Everything was so exceedingly filthy that protecting his head with a silk handkerchief, he turned up the collar of his coat, took off his boots which he placed by the side of his bed, which by the way, he had chosen near the door, and composed himself to sleep. About midnight he was aroused by the rush of feet up the stairs, and in a few moments the room was filled with men, who began to undress

as soon as they entered, and appropriated the various beds: one man was left out and coming to the side of the bed, he said addressing himself to the Bishop "well stranger! I am going to turn in with you." The Bishop merely looked up and said "you cannot come here, sir." "Oh! there's two to that, I'm coming." "You cannot come here, sir." "You do not mean it, I am coming," accompanied by a volley of oaths. "You cannot come here, sir," was still the quiet answer to this. The man began to falter, evidently not liking the appearance of determination; the others called out not to quarrel with the fellow, they would settle with him in the morning, and they would make room for him in one of the other beds.

Early in the morning, while they were in their drunken slumbers, he was up and away steaming up the river. On reaching Little Rock he met some old friends, and on chancing to mention this, they told him men had been killed in that house for much less and they considered it a wonderful escape. One asked "did the fellow see those boots?" "Yes! they were at the side of the bed." "Ah! that accounts for it; he concluded any man who wore such boots, and such a coat, and was so quiet, must be armed to the teeth, and was certain if he had touched the bed he would have been shot."—The Bishop's ignorance of the risk run saved him, but his constitutional bravery never allowed him to hesitate a moment for fear of consequences.

The following occurrence shows his readiness in danger. He was riding on the borders of the Indian Territory (where at that time it was almost as much as a man's life was worth, to ride a fine horse, so numerous were the horse-thieves and murderers) when on a solitary part of the road he saw two men coming towards him; from their manner he knew even from a distance what they were. He took his resolution, kept the inside of the road, and looked firmly at them as they approached, taking no other notice of them, they passed quietly, nodding as they did so, which salutation he of course returned. Had he shown the slightest apprehension or timidity, his life would have been worthless, but they could not imagine that any one who held his own so securely, was not armed and prepared to defend his own.

He was always genial and agreeable in conversation; as a friend and companion he had not his equal—his manner had an indescribable charm, while at the same time it was commanding; the secret seemed to be that he made others realize that he did not think of himself. Several anecdotes are related of the effect of his manner upon others.

A short time since, a friend met Mr. McMacken, of Mississippi, who was speaking to some gentlemen, and affirming to them the truth of a story often repeated at the South-West, that at least twenty years ago, upon McMacken's addressing him at his table as General, and being corrected and told it was *Bishop* Polk, replied "I knew he was a commanding officer in the department to which he belonged."

As an instance of his readiness in conversation. He was once at church where he heard a brother Bishop preach, the subject of the discourse being principally the travels of the writer in Europe.—As they were coming out of the building a friend remarked to the Bishop of Louisiana. "Do you call that the Gospel?" To which Bishop Polk replied "Oh! no! that is the Acts of the Apostles."

While stationed at Columbus, Ky., he met the Federal General Buford under flag of truce, the rendezvous taking place on board a steamer in the river. General Buford said he had a toast to pro-

pose which all could drink, and then gave "the memory of George Washington." Gen. Polk drank it adding "the first Rebel."

As an illustration of the piety and earnestness of his character, as well as the charm of his manner, after having in the course of his travels stayed at the house of a gentleman, previously unknown to him, as the Bishop drove from the gate his host remarked "I now realize what the apostle meant when he said "some have entertained angels unawares."

Only the Sunday previous to his death stopping at a poor cabin, he sat drying himself by the fire. Children all loved him instinctively; a little girl of two, far from clean, approached him; he took her on his knee and began singing to her some nursery song—she smiled up in his face and he said to one of his aids "I wonder if the mother would be offended if I washed this child's face, I do so love to kiss the innocents."

"He being dead, yet speaketh." The memory of his single-minded devotion to God and to his duty will never be forgotten by those who knew him. He impressed himself in the most remarkable manner on the people with whom he was brought into actual contact; while under his immediate influence he carried them along with him, and many remarks unheeded at the time, have since his departure been recalled with delight, and are treasured as an incentive to the performance of the duties of life. The writer has frequently been told within the past year, that his bright, living example while connected with the army, had far more effect upon the men by whom he was surrounded, than many sermons which they had heard from him in days of peace, and the wonderful growth of the Church in Louisiana, since the close of the war, proves conclusively that he neither lived nor died in vain.

"SIC TRANSIT."

"I never will marry a Yank.," she said,
And I believe she really meant it,
But alas! when her "rebel" lover was dead,
Why— then, she began to repent it.

For "rebs." were scarce in her town, you know,
While Yankee officers were plenty,
And who likes to be without ever a beau,
When far on the "shady side" of twenty?

So she shed a tear for her lover's loss,
And heaved a sigh for her country's glory,
But she gave her head a coquettish toss,
While she heard the Yankee Colonel's story.

Ah! ever thus since the world began,
Though woman was fair, she oft was frail,
And even that "lord of creation"—a man—
May still be won by a flatterer's tale.

So— a mighty change of feeling came o'er her,
Yet blame her not, nor with harshness chide,
For had she the choice of the world before her,
I doubt if she'd been a Yankee's bride.

Vicksburg, Miss., 1866.

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

BELMEAD.

This elegant mansion, the residence of the late General Philip St. George Cocke, C. S. A., is in Powhatan county, Virginia, on James River, about thirty miles above Richmond.

It is built of brick stuccoed, but the foundations are of stone quarried on the plantation. The pointed style of architecture in vogue in the English Tudor age, is employed in its construction. Some of the upper apartments are fashioned with narrow lancet-shaped windows with small diamond panes, carrying the fancy back to long ago,—while some of those below are gorgeously stained, and emblazoned with here a luxuriant stalk of wheat, bowed down by rich golden ears,—here a sheaf of the same,—or perhaps of oats,—here a green stalk of the broad-leafed staple, tobacco, —cotton,—and here—to vary the "still life" pictures, a magnificent specimen of the Merino sheep which Mr. Cocke as President of the then Virginia Agricultural Society, was making an effort to introduce into the State, experimenting and testing upon his own domains.

Notwithstanding that it is, comparatively, of modern structure, Belmead, in its general appearance, impresses one with thoughts of the time when feudal usages, and days of "knightly romance" and "lady-love" had not passed exclusively into song and story, and to fancy's ear is almost audible the clang of armor and the clash of steel,—the hoarse sentry challenge, the tramp of mailed warder upon the broad terraces or from the massive stone entrance-way or battlemented heights of the towers above. The great central tower is sixty feet high, and therefrom may be obtained a view which in its blended beauty of hill and river scenery is exceeded by none in that picturesque portion of Virginia.

The writer hereof made one of a party of guests who at the instance of Mr. Cocke,—a most urbane and amiable gentleman—ascended thither one cloudless, midsummer afternoon. In the then condition of the atmosphere, the Blue Ridge was visible, looming up like azure mist against the sun-lit horizon, but between this fair outline and the point we occupied was presented a charming succession of rock, ravine and wood, while through a broad extent of waving corn and tobacco fields, James River, (it is narrow here,) wound like a never-ending serpent, his scales all glittering silver and pearls.

Belmead house occupies a lofty eminence, encircled by hills and copses and brave old forest trees here and there, to some considerable distance, and in the groves and immediately around the dwelling, is displayed a growth of oaks rarely surpassed in majesty of size, I believe, those traditional ones of Old England to the contrary notwithstanding. Doubtless the worthy patriarchs about Stonehenge would have recognized them as compeers. Druid fathers would not have disdained performing mystic rites under their umbrageous boughs, nor Druid priestess here devoutly to warble "Casta Diva" to the midnight moon.

Belmead embraces "the modern improvements," domestic hydraulics forming no exception.—A tank or reservoir is located at

the top of the house, capable of holding many thousand gallons and supplying abundance of water for bathing and other purposes.

The library is well stored with selections indicating scholarship and fine literary taste.

The village of negro-quarters at Belmead is disposed of with a view to the picturesque. The cottages are built of upright boards, forming each a structure with their overhanging ornamented eaves, &c, harmonizing with the style of the mansion house. They are located in a sort of dell below the hill occupied by the other, while the Overseer's house, another pretty cottage, larger than any one of those appropriated to Cuffy and family, seems to supervise them all.

There are extensive wheat and corn mills, saw mills, all worked by water-power, upon this mammoth plantation. There are blacksmith's shops, carpenter's shops,—and in fact most of the trades have their representatives in one or more of the sable denizens of the negro-cabins. But I speak in the present tense and as though forgetful that reform, ("so called.")—Social equality, (which is like the Irishman's reciprocity,) have visited the place since the present disciple of the pen has. Perhaps I should ask Cuffy's pardon for quoting antecedents, fresh-fledged gentility is often restive under reminiscences. But this is a joke. Every one acquainted with the character of the Old Virginia negro knows him for the most uncompromising aristocrat in the known world. He will exhibit no such sensitiveness as that pre-supposed, he feels too secure of his position, and though misled, as wiser people have been before him, there's no making him believe, if you bring him to the test, but that he is a much better man than Tom, Dick or Harry, who in their malignity toward a section, have, *en passant*, made of him that much be-hooted and decried animal, among gentlemen's servants, —a *free nigger*.

Belmead, I am informed, stands unmutilated, undisturbed in its stateliness,—a riddle in the annals of Yankee warfare yet unsolved.

FANNY FIELDING.

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY SARELLA.

Come, my friends, the day is fading,
Slowly sinks the sun to rest;
Come from walks too close and heated,
To the cool of Nature's breast.

Fields in all their summer glory,
Through the twilight's hazy mist,
Glow with blushes that yet linger
Where the day-god left his kiss.

Come, mayhap their quiet beauty,
Our despairing hearts may cheer,
For they ache with too much bending,
And our homes are dark and bare.

Turn we from the pale sad faces,
That here greet us everywhere,
Telling of a people growing
Patient from a great despair.

Turn we from the black-robed women,
They who glide so silent by,
Mourning veils but half concealing
Pallid lips and tear-dimmed eyes.

Weak their hearts from too much sorrow,
Weak their frames from want and toil,
Toiling where the earth is reeking,
With the blood that soaked its soil.

Toiling where the bones lie bleaching,
Toiling where the ashes lie,
Where proud mansions once have pointed
To a more benignant sky.

Toiling with an aching heart,
Toiling with an aching brain,
Toiling where to toil seems useless,
Where all labor seems in vain.

In that quiet peaceful glen,
With its sparkling, murmuring rill,
That seems ever softly whispering
To the tried heart, 'peace, be still,'

Let us sit beside the waters,
Listening to the lullaby,
With whose soothing, Earth—our mother—
Stills the heart's rebellious cry.

Stay! what mean those rounded boards,
Glistening white and ghastly there?
Are our dead then strewn so thickly
That they greet us every where?

Oh my brothers who lie buried
Over hill and glen and field!
Ye who thought to die were better
Than to live, and living yield!

We who live are living buried,
Ye will ever live who died,
For ye represent a struggle
That your deaths have glorified.

And the nations that now scorn us,
Yet will stand with rev'rend head
By the graves, blood-stained and humble,
Of our brave and honored dead.

O my brothers, oft we envy
You your place of holy rest;
We who struggle here so vainly,
We who live but live unblest.

Ye have gone across the river,
We are wrestling with its waves,
Ye beneath the trees are resting,
We yet weep above your graves.

O ye blood-stained fields and forests!
O my burned and blackened home,
When can peace within our bosoms
From your silent ashes come?

Turn we, friend, our footsteps homeward,
Lest our long-checked tears should flow,
And for our poor living brothers,
We must wear a smile, you know.

Smile—for weeping brings a weakness
Over heart and hand and head,
And they need their strength—our brothers—
Lest the children cry for bread.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER II.

It was about three weeks after the death of Roberts that I received the following letter from his mother which gave me the first direct information of Harry. Her letter expresses so clearly and forcibly the feelings of a "Southern mother," that I hope my readers will pardon me for imposing it upon them, though it forms no part of Harry's history.

Sept. 19th, 1861.

DEAR MADAM:

Since the receipt of your kind letter informing me of the death of my son—I have been so distressed I could not write and thank you for your kindness. In him I lost a son indeed, one who was ever kind and affectionate to his mother and brothers, and for the last few years a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I trust in God, a christian. For your attention to him accept a mother's thanks and heartfelt gratitude—I pray that God may reward you. When my son left me, I resigned him to God and our distressed country—he has done for her all he could, and I have an abiding hope that he is at rest in the bosom of his Saviour. His brother Harry is at Manassas or somewhere near that place—he is in the — N. C. regiment—will you enquire about him and write me what you hear? I have still a younger son who is here in wretched health, or he too would be doing all he could to shield us from the dread doom our enemies have in store for us—subjugation, slavery, dungeons and the gallows. I am a widow,

but rather than see an enemy triumph over us, let my last son die a martyr struggling for freedom. If my child had any clothes or other articles not buried with him, please forward them to me at this place and receive the thanks of a distressed mother—poor though she be, she loves her children, but rather they should die freemen than live slaves.

Yours respectfully,
E. ROBERTS.

After having read this letter I was no longer surprised at finding Roberts so noble a character, with such a mother he could scarcely be otherwise. When we remember that this letter was written at the time when her heart was torn with anguish almost unspeakable—the deepest sorrow ever felt on this earth—it seems wonderful that the feelings of a patriot should be as strong as those of a mother "weeping for her first born." But it was such women as these that comforted and helped our poor soldiers in the field, and many a brave boy was made all the more brave, when he thought of his mother and sisters at home, thinking of, and praying for him, always bearing every sacrifice and trial without a murmur, so that he might have no additional cause for anxiety, but could devote his whole life and soul to the defence of his native land—but this is not telling how I took care of Harry.

The summer and fall of 1861 passed without my having been able to fulfil my promise. I had seen a great many of the troops from N. C. but none of them could tell me any thing of Harry. My not being able to describe his personal appearance was a great obstacle in the way of my finding him. I heard of several Roberts, but none that I thought could be the one I was in search of. It was nearly a year afterwards, that I was nursing in a hospital in one of our large cities. The battle of —— had just been fought, and the wounded were being brought in. The most severe cases, as is usual, were being attended to first, by both surgeons and nurses, but I could not help noticing many an imploring look given us from those who were not considered in immediate danger. Some of them were suffering intensely and it must have seemed hard that there was no one to care for them, but I never heard a murmur, not a word of complaint, only the longing, anxious suffering look that always went to my very heart.

It was about sunset one evening that the last of the wounded arrived, and among them was an officer. He was not apparently in any danger, having only a slight flesh wound. They brought him in and put him on a bed at the further end of the ward, immediately adjoining the Matron's room, so that I was obliged to pass by him very often. I never looked up that I did not catch his eyes fixed on my face, and always with the same beseeching expression. At last I found a spare moment to speak to him. On approaching his bed, he held out his hand and said "I am glad you have come to me, I have been watching for you to finish with those men. Poor fellows! how they suffer." I told him he must not think about that now, but tell me what I could do for him. "Oh nothing," he replied, "I am not suffering much pain only *so* thirsty." It was some time before I could get him some water, but at last succeeded in doing so. After tasting it he said, rather fretfully, "mother why dont you give me some water from the old poplar spring. I want some cool water not this warm stuff." I saw that he was delirious, and sent for the surgeon. While waiting for him I endeavored to soothe my patient, who continued to talk incessantly of home, calling me mother all the

while. At last he became more quiet and taking my hand in his—fell asleep. I then had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was very young, not more than eighteen or nineteen years old, and I could not help thinking as I gazed on his fair young brow and delicate features, what it must have cost his mother to have given him up—perhaps forever. It had been a most trying day to me, but I found my eyes filling with tears for the first time as I looked at the sleeping boy who lay smiling before me, unconscious of suffering and the struggle for life that would soon be his. I suppose it was the perfect rest of form and feature contrasted with the violent excitement I had been witnessing, that unnerved me. I was glad to see the surgeon approaching, for a few moments more of quiet thought would have completely unfitted me for my duties as a nurse.

On reaching the bedside, the doctor asked why I had sent for him in such haste. I told him I thought the young man seriously wounded, and requiring prompt attention. Dr. A. smiled as if he thought I was unnecessarily alarmed, and taking the officer's hand from mine, said, "well Lieutenant, how do you feel now?" The large blue eyes opened slowly and then remained fixed on the doctor's face with a wondering, puzzled look. The question was repeated. At last the old look of suffering returned and he said "I am better now, I am at home, and mother is with me." While he was speaking, Dr. A. was noticing particularly, and then turning to me said, "the wound must be dressed immediately and he must be nursed with the greatest care—his fever has assumed a typhoid form, and there is the merest chance of his recovery."

My heart sank at hearing these words for I well knew it would be almost impossible for him to have proper attention, as there were so many to look after that no one could be nursed to the exclusion of others. However I determined to do all I could, and having obtained Dr. A's permission to have the patient removed to my ward, I made up my mind to do my best, as he thought I was his mother, to supply her place. Day after day passed away, and still there was no change for the better.—He would sometimes have a few lucid moments, in which he would seem so grateful for my great kindness, as he called it—but generally his mind was wandering. I tried as much as possible to be near him, but the number of patients in the ward was so large, that for several days after he was brought in I could only be with him for a few moments at a time. After a while however, the number lessened, a great many had died and those who were left did not require so much attention. Dr. A. seemed as much interested in my charge as I was myself—he would often come up to see him without waiting for the regular hour for visiting the patients, and spend sometime at his bedside. I knew that I ought not to look for any decided improvement in the sick man, until the fever had run its course, and his being no worse should have satisfied me—but as each day wore away and I found he was becoming weaker and weaker, I despaired of ever seeing him well again. His youthful appearance and the patient manner in which he bore his sufferings when conscious of them, had endeared him to all around him—and often when he was raving in his delirium the convalescent men would come and stand by him—every face expressing the sympathy they felt. I always found ready and willing hands to help me take care of him. It was now sometime since he had been brought to the hospital, and I saw from the doctor's counten-

ance that he thought without there was some change for the better soon, that he would not last much longer. It was my habit to leave the ward at ten o'clock every night, and return at a very early hour in the morning, but one night as I approached the bedside of my patient for the last time before leaving, I found that instead of being asleep as I supposed—he was watching me. I immediately spoke to him and asked if he wanted anything. He replied "yes, I want you to stay with me to night." I did not know what to say. I was afraid if I refused it might excite him, and if I consented to remain I knew it would prevent my attending to my duties as I should do, the following day; but I could not resist the pleading expression of his face as he again begged me to stay: at any rate I thought I would remain until he slept again, and then I could leave him. His mind was clearer than it had been for some days, and he seemed anxious to talk to me.—After the ward became quiet for the night, he turned to me and he said—"Wont you sing to me?" I replied that I was afraid of disturbing the other men—and I did not think the doctor would allow me to do it. "Oh yes he will, if you tell him you did it to comfort a dying soldier." It was the first allusion he had ever made to his being in any danger, and for a moment I could make no reply.—I thought of what was probably before me that night—that I was to sit there and watch the dying agonies of "some body's darling," and not be able to help or comfort him. He still insisted upon my singing and said, "I want you to sing there is 'rest for the weary.' Oh how often I thought of that hymn when we were marching day after day, and wondered when *our* resting time would come. I little thought then that this poor weary soldier would soon be at rest—forever. But I want to hear that hymn, sing it for me, wont you?" Finding his heart was set on hearing it, I sung for him, trying as much as possible not to be heard by the other men. After I had finished I turned to him and said "now you must try and go to sleep, and to-morrow I will sing to you again." "Not to-morrow," he replied, "*then* I shall hear the 'angel song.'" I asked him if he was willing to die. "I hope so" he said, "willing to die for my country, but it is hard, very hard, to leave all I love here. Poor mother! how she will miss me, and there will be no one to tell her how I was cared for, and that all was done for me that could be done." I told him I would write to his mother the next day, and then he could send her any message he wished. I found he was talking too much, and becoming restless—placing my hand on his forehead I said, "let me rub your head for you while you go to sleep."—"no sleep for me," he replied, "except the sleep that 'knows no waking.' I know I am going to die, and I only want you to promise not to leave me.—I dont like to have men about me when I am sick—I want a woman, some one who will remind me of my darling mother." Then raising himself suddenly in the bed he said "ah, there she comes—I knew she would not let me die alone." He spoke so earnestly that without thinking I looked up expecting to see his mother really there, and before I could turn to him again he had fallen back, completely exhausted. I gave him stimulants and after a while he seemed to rally, but his mind was wandering all the time. He would ask for his shoes, and say he must go with his men—what would they think of their little lieutenant if he did not go into the fight with them. Then he would give the word of command and try and cheer on his men, but this excitement I felt sure, could not last

long. There were two of the male nurses who were standing by the bed watching the sick man with me, and on seeing him become more quiet, one of them said to me—"you had better leave him now madam—there is nothing more you can do, if he rouses up again it will only be when death strikes him, and it will just make you feel bad to see him then." I replied that I had rather stay, he might want me, and I had promised not to leave him, but I must confess it was with a faint heart that I made up my mind to witness the dying struggles of my boy patient.

I remained sitting by the bedside until the day broke, and still he had not moved or spoken. It has always been a melancholy time to me, the breaking of day—but I can never forget that morning, when I thought light would only come to show me that the angel of death was hovering over the poor boy, and would soon bear him away to that "perfect rest" which was so longed for by him, and which has been promised to "the people of God."

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, as I was waiting for the hour to come when Dr. A. would visit the ward, that one of the nurses came for me to go to the Matron's room, as there was a gentleman there who wished to see me, for a few moments. On reaching the room I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. E., chaplain to one of the N. C. brigades.—He said he had been looking for some of his men and among them a young lieutenant in whom he was very much interested, and hearing that I had some men from his State under my charge, he had sent for me, hoping I could give him some tidings of Lt. Harry Roberts. I could not help starting when I heard the name, and thought that perhaps it was "Harry" I had been taking care of all the time. I told Mr. E. I had then a young lieutenant from N. C. in my ward, whose name I had understood was Robbins, but if he wished he could satisfy himself as to his being the officer he was in search of, by going with me to see him.

On reaching the sick man we found he had changed his position—his hand was under his head, and looked like a tired child taking his rest after his play. As soon as Mr. E. looked at him he turned to me and said, "Here he is at last, and I am afraid I have only come in time to see him die." As we thought best not to disturb him until after the doctor's visit, which would be in a short time. Mr. E. left me, saying he would not quit the building, and if there was the slightest change in Lt. Roberts, I must send for him.

I could scarcely take my eyes from Harry's face, and even though he was so wasted by sickness and disease I thought I could trace a resemblance between his brother and himself. I could not help thinking of his mother—his "darling mother," as he had called her, and prayed that I might not again have to tell her of a noble young life offered up for "our poor, distressed country." When Dr. A. came he looked long and anxiously at the young man—and finding he was sleeping quietly turned to me and said—"this sleep is the best thing for him—if he wakes up conscious, he will get well—but if he should be delirious, I dont think he can stand it much longer."

By this time I was so fatigued that I was obliged to rest, but only went to the Matron's room, telling the nurse I left in charge to call me if Lt. Roberts moved or spoke. I had been away about an hour when I was sent for, the messenger saying that the lieutenant was awake. I told him to find Mr. E. as soon as possible, and ask him to come to me. I tried not to hope and to prepare myself for the worst—but I could not do it. I

felt if I found him dying—that I would not be able to keep my promise to remain with him to the end. His bed was so situated that I could not see his face until I was immediately by him, but as soon as I saw he was quiet I knew he was no worse. When he saw me he smiled, and said in a weak voice—"such a sweet sleep, but I am so tired." I offered a silent prayer of thankfulness as I saw he was conscious, and having given him something to revive him I determined not to say anything until Mr. E. came. In a few moments he arrived, and going up to the bed, said, "well Harry, my boy, do you feel better?" His whole face lighted up as he said, "oh! Mr. E., I am so glad you have come—now you can tell mother all about me." "But," said Mr. E., "you must not send any messages now—you are too weak—you must keep quiet, and the next time I come, I will hear all you have to say; you must try and get well enough to go home on a sick furlough, and then you can carry your own messages." "I am afraid I shall never see home again," he replied, "but I will do what you tell me, and try and keep quiet." Saying this he closed his eyes and in a few moments was asleep again.—I felt great curiosity to know how it happened that Harry was an officer, and on asking Mr. E., he said, that on one occasion volunteers were called for to lead a "forlorn hope," and among the first to offer was Harry Roberts, then a private, and the youngest man in his regiment. His conduct was so brave that an account of the affair was sent to the War Department, and his commission as lieutenant was forwarded immediately. My patient continued to improve slowly, but surely, and in about four weeks he was granted a sick furlough. His brother who came on for him was much the most delicate looking of the two, and I have since heard that Harry has become a strong robust man, and at the close of the war was a Major. I told him just before he left of the illness and death of his brother, and asked if he really passed through the town of —— at that time with Col. R's regiment. He said he was with that regiment though he did not belong to it, but was on his way to join his own—so that his brother must have seen him.

Soon after Lt. Roberts reached home he wrote me a long letter telling me of his mother, and last but not least, of his sweet-heart—who has since become Mrs. Roberts. I will only say in conclusion that I hope my readers are as well satisfied as *she* is, at the way—"I took care of Harry." E.

OUR NAMELESS HEROES.

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "HAVERSACK."

Our nameless heroes—glorious band—
That for our dear, dear Southern land,
Exposed their lives—or laid them down,
Regardless of the victor's crown.

Our banner to the breeze was flung,
And gallant warriors round it hung,
Their high-born purpose to declare,
"Ready are we, to do or dare."

The invader's foot pollutes our soil—
"What reck we now, of pain or toil,
Of hunger, thirst, of heat, or cold?"
Thus spake those nameless heroes bold.

They rushed to meet the coming foe.
They dealt them many a crushing blow.
But many a noble form they gave.
To fill, alas! a nameless grave.

True to their country's priceless trust,
Mingled with hers, their precious dust,
Till countless graves of heroes grand
Have made the South a sacred land.

And mutilated forms there are—
Wrecks from the fearful storms of war—
And pale, calm brows, that scarce reveal
The anguish, that the vanquish'd feel.

Courage, brave souls! take heart again,
Your comrades' death, your weary pain,
The ruined homes, the wasted lives,
The breast where scarce a hope survives—

The want—the wretchedness—the woe,
Your native land is suffering now.
Believe not that this fearful cost.
We vainly paid, and *all* is lost.

Our nameless heroes—though unsung
Their worthy names by Poet's tongue—
The mem'ry of their deeds shall lie
'Mid treasur'd thoughts that cannot die.

Natchez, Miss.

HOME ON FURLOUGH.

BY A LATE "SOSOALLED."

"Boots and Killikinnick! 'Who's been here since I've been gone?'"—and Sarah Croft's delicate little nose which had naturally an up-ish turn was impelled by a slight additional inclination, as with the above ejaculation, or whatever you may call it, she bounded into our "gentleman's sitting-room," in search of my mother, with her homespun apron full of young chickens.

She had left no visitors at the house when setting forth upon her ramble, and evidently did not see me now standing modestly in the shade of the Turkey-red curtain draping our front window. A hotly burning hickory fire, lighted since her exodus, and savors of certain innovations upon the feminine routine at Bramble Hill, addressed themselves at once to her acute sensibilities.

"Cousin Sarah, I believe," said I, advancing. She colored a little,—her face was already very ruddy from exercise in the fresh autumn air—but stood her ground quite bravely and put out her hand. "John, isn't it?" she asked. "It has been so long since we met I should'nt have known you anywhere else, —and aunt has been expecting you so long."

She was right about the masculine adjuncts with which she so startlingly ushered herself upon my solitude. There had been four other soldiers there beside myself, either booted or otherwise, and in some sort provided for their "tramp, tramp, tramp!" and for the other staccato, polysyllabic little essential. Willie Jones' tobacco bag had been circulating generously in obedience to my dear mother's injunction to the boys not to mind her, she rather liked it. They couldn't stay longer now, despite the twofold temptation of a young lady's society and supper,—the roads were bad, it was growing towards night, and beside—there were homes and friends expecting them, too, or to be taken by agreeable surprise. They were all neighborhood boys, however, and would come over often, during our furlough.

"I didn't see Aunt Mary in her room," said Sarah, "where is she? I found the missing hen in the sedge, along the ditch-bank, she had stolen her nest out, and here's the result of the manœuvre," she added, perhaps unconsciously paraphrasing Mr. Weller, and at the same time spreading out her apron.

My mother was having supper made ready as soon as possible, it being a tacitly accepted tradition among Southern matrons that Southern soldiers were always hungry. I told cousin Sarah this, and the result was a wheel and deploy kitchen-wards, to a smothered sound of "cheap! cheap! cheap!" I bringing up the rear.

What an enraged hen! as we descended the back-door steps; standing in wait, to all appearance, for my adventurous little cousin who had gone forth a self-appointed committee of one to bring in deserters. Nothing daunted, the prettiest little foot in the world kicked, in just the quickest fashion,—responsive to that *fowl* assault, and we reach the kitchen, where, deep in the mysteries of batter-bread, broiling-beef, biscuits, &c. "Aunt Mary," and her sable adjutant Aunt Bridget, heartily greet the enterprising reclaimer of "dat mean ole Dominiker" as Aunt B. says, and black Jim is bid "to put down his foolin' for de lor' sakes, an' go 'long and put de hen under de roof so she can't run off no more." Jim slowly lays his cornstalk fiddle on the three-legged stool from which he arises and obeys, presently hailing to "Miss Sarah" that she "can bring 'long the 'biddies,' now."

But that foot! and it seemed to come so naturally, the resort to that as the weapon readiest to be employed! Was that a veritable country-made leather shoe? It seemed so, but it was only a glimpse, at best. Well, I had heard *some guns*, had seen how bullets operated, I wasn't going to be afraid of a foot, I reckon, though under some circumstances one might be right formidable,—for instance,—if a fellow should ask for a hand, and get this instead.

Of course all who do me the courtesy to be my readers are up for a love-affair. We shall see;—but as I thought then, and as I thought afterwards,—what an incongruity, the association of anything akin to sentimentality with that *wiriest* of little dames! *Wiry*, yes, that's the very word,—no other expresses the spring, the vigor, the metallic properties, (I

don't speak pecuniarily) the adherence to its especial *bent* of this little Virginia refugee.

How genial when she would be so, and how natural in adapting her cosmopolite manners to our quiet country mode of living! Sarah was only seventeen, but a home in Hampton and the summer society of that place and Old Point and a visit of at least once a year to her mother's relations in New York City, had given her no mean opportunities of seeing the world and its people, and, in the former connection, at least, to say nothing of the refined resident society, numbering, among others, such people as Judge Clopton, Professor C., and their families, and half the year Hon. John Tyler and his accomplished wife, the best men and manners of South and North congregated, in "the season" about "the Hygeia" and "Burcher's" and "Banks!" How fell Sarah so tamely into the leather shoes and homespun dress and the fashion of hunting up recreant hens? She had been with my mother two or three months. I had learned through letters of the latter. Her jewelry had all been sold soon after the exodus of the family from the burnt town, and the proceeds placed in proper hands "to be disposed of to best advantage for *our cause*," and now, that the war waxed two or three years old, a balloon was wanted for surveying the "situation" in certain quarters, and off went all Sarah Crofts' rich silk dresses. Mamma and sisters scolded and remonstrated. Papa did neither, but slyly "winked" at the sacrifice, and it was consummated.

"You will not be presentable at Jones' or Shocco," the feminines persist,—they were to summer between the two places.

"I can dress without finery, as every Southern woman ought to," said little Confed, and so she did;—soon after the instalment of the family at Shocco. However, she had courage to accept on her own part, my mother's invitation to an unlimited sojourn at Bramble Hill, returning with her in the carriage, that evening, and henceforth limiting her intercourse with the watering-places to afternoon drives thither, or sojourns of a day or night at a time.

"What a heroic, enthusiastic girl!" I thought, as perusing these details of the home letters, "and what a hero I shall be at home, beyond my mother's partial conception of her soldier-boy!" I was not entirely green, friend;—the legitimate term at Chapel Hill had taught me a few other things beside logarithms and Horace and Græca Majora. Indeed, had I not written my name in Kate Battle's Autograph-Book, with "*Philomachist*" appended, and hadn't all the world said it was so—that I was, at least, a lover of *one* Battle, and moreover, that the little flirt had engaged herself to me? Well, all that talk was before the cry "to arms" became so alarming a matter, but truly, Miss Kate had never so honored me as to jilt me,—nor engage herself to me.—I'll tell the whole truth.

But I wander. Imagine that I felt rather compromised at my fair cousin's half-pre-occupied, half-cordial reception of me,—just because it was a little at variance with my pre-conceived notions of her enthusiasm regarding Confederate soldiers—anything strictly Confederate,—and not, truly, because I was just fresh from my third pitched battle—and didn't run. No praise if you please, for standing my ground, it would have required more courage than I had, to desert.

It didn't take me long,—I'll out with it—to love Sarah, either despite her perversity or in consequence of it, I have never decided which. Mind, by perversity I don't mean that trait in her char-

acter which prevented her making a hero of me. I did, I repeat, expect from a girl of her ardent temperament some slight recognition of slight service,—I did, more, as time wore on, desire some faint acquiesence in the fact that I was a laborer in the cause she loved. Not a bit of it! her very actions seemed to say—"having done all you can you are an unprofitable servant."

Why didn't she put on those airs to Willie Jones, Bob Williams, and the other boys, who, according to promise were at Briar Hill almost every day, now? Well, she didn't treat them much better, if the truth must be told, but I considered her, about this time, as particularly sharp on me. She laughed at my weakly moustache, she hid my pipe—this latter after making me a beautiful tobacco-bag,—she helped "Aunt Mary," my mother, to knit socks and yarn shirts for me, and then when I thanked her, avowed that she worked for nobody but soldiers, so then it was not "John," but a "C. S. A." for whom her labors were enlisted.

"It's a fool of a woman who can't fool a man!" so Sarah said, and so she acted.

The boys, some fine days, took "partners" with whom to fish along the *creeks* running up into the woods,—the *ditches* as that low-country cousin of mine persisted in irreverently terming them, and somehow, though now the furlough began to draw toward its close, I had never been in time to secure the place I coveted and fish with Sarah. But no matter, there was a buggy-drive to Jones' where several refugee families from Virginia, and other States, were quietly sojourning in cottages, though the "season," proper, had of course, passed away. I was fortunate this time. Helen Davis, Bettie Williams, Lucy Alston, all the neighbor-girls were disposed of to the buggy-beaux and cousin Sarah sat at my side in my vehicle.

That must be my opportunity for saying what I must say to Sarah. It wouldn't do to be sentimental, I knew that very well,—former monitions had warned me against any such course, for I should feel very "cheap" as the young chickens oracularly had it, to have Sarah insist upon getting out of my buggy and exchanging places with my sister-cousin, Bettie Williams. Suffice it to say then, I told my story,—as I flattered myself, in a tolerably manly and lucid style, though, as might be expected, I did not forbear some allusion to the glories of the occasion when, through inspiration derived from her encouragement, I might perform some deed of high prowess, coupling my name with the glory of the new republic. Sarah didn't laugh at me, as I half feared she would. Reader, if you are not a young man, or have never been one, you have no conception what terrible animals these fun-making girls are to us.—I frankly own it, the dread of their laugh has been more formidable to me than "an army with banners." Sarah didn't laugh, I say, but she gave me a very composed "no."

Fool! why hadn't I waited until we were on the way home instead of compounding for that dreary drive back? I could not, nor did I desire to, follow the example of one of the beaux in this very neighborhood several years before. It was on this very road that he found himself circumstanced like unto myself at this juncture, when he stopped and put the young lady of his affections into the road, himself driving off several hundred yards. Pity stirred his breast, soon he retraced his way to find Miss ——, nonplussed by the novelty of her situation, slowly approaching him, by the sandy road, holding in her hands the most beautiful Cinderella slip-

pers in the world, while her delicate silk stockings were scraping acquaintance with the yellow dust. What compromise this original mode of tactics elicited you must go to W. Co., N. C., and ascertain.

We were driving up to the Hotel,—(Sarah wasn't going to be dreary if I was, I should premise,) and a lovely lady, followed by two children, crossed the lawn in the direction of one of the cottages.

"Why should that lady be one of the most miserable of mortals?" quickly asked Sarah of me.

I could not answer, only that, she did not, to all appearances fulfil her destiny if it was so dark an one,—looking bright and content as she did.

"Because she is wedded to a Barron Hope," Sarah answered, and if you spell it differently that's what I should be in marrying you."

"I believe the Poet wouldn't thank you for so torturing his name to your perverse purposes," I answered, resolved, in my turn, to *affect* at least, the indifferent. Our party alighted, and presently Sarah was, with some other girls, enjoying a laugh at a sable acquaintance, of the former, some lady's-maid from Norfolk, who, after very joyous greeting, inquired of "Miss Sarah" what she "reckon all dese Callina folks calls us '*Roughgees*' for?" and indignantly adding "Lor' knows dey looks *rougher* nor we all does!"

We rode home "by the light of the moon," that night, present deponent not merely singing any tune, though the woods and lanes through which we passed rang, indeed, with "All quiet along the Potomac,"—(the Potomac was very far from me,) "My Maryland" adapted to "Here's your Mule!"—(I began to think he was,) and "Rock me to Sleep."—"If somebody only would do me the service!" I thought, "with one of these boulders so convenient." But no matter.

We meet a horseman riding at rapid rate,—Col. G., it is, despite this dusky light.

"You are the boys I want!" he says, reining in, suddenly.—"Do you want to go soldiering, again, or got enough of it till your leave expires!" "The Yankees have reached Kinston and I am getting up a volunteer force to meet them, speak quick!" "I'm your man!" I answered first, knowing how prompt the other boys would be, and determined Sarah should see I wasn't going to hang 'round after her. She beyond all others was the last to be convinced of the error of her ways, (had I any such purpose in view,) by this species of self-abnegation, but women are, as a class, naturally ungrateful, thought I, and given to ignoring or perverting our sacrifices for them.

We deposited our several charges safely in their respective places of sojourn and set out on the march, forthwith, cousin Sarah bidding God speed the mission, as coolly as though nothing had happened, and my precious mother looking as though she thought I'd as well make the most of my furlough at home, but dared not trust herself to say a word thereto relating.—To continue, however, we went on our way, uniting at certain given points with here a handful or so of militia, and there a few improvised troops like ourselves, to meet, as report told us, a portion each of the —th Pennsylvania and —th Connecticut regiments who for purposes of plunder, &c, were making a raid from their standpoint at Newbern, which, however, I may as well here premise, was, for the most part suppressed ere our peculiar forces reached there, but of particulars "more anonymous," as Bill Arp hath it.

Young Stith, of Virginia, (I don't like to give his real name, he's a bashful man and might not like to see it in print,—though he did not scruple to make me feel

very much ashamed of myself on this occasion as shall appear hereafter,) was one of the auxiliaries to our ranks in manner before mentioned. He, too, if not "*home on furlough*," was visiting his refugee family, then temporarily residing in the adjacent town of W.

Journeying for safety toward the neighborhood of the above locality we found the roads by which we passed literally lined with farm vehicles,—wagons, wains, small carts, laden with chattels of almost every portable description, and bearing and driven and followed by dusky throngs upon throngs of negroes. The moonlit night was made vocal with their melodies, as, journeying along in characteristic leisure, one caught now some mournful Methodist hymn, now a strain of "Dixie," and now, whether with designed significance or not, in strong and plaintive chorus:

"I miss every charm of the old river farm,—
I miss the old trees with their gold-waving grain,
The small patch of soil made so dear by my toil,—
All the old things I loved I shall ne'er see again,"

swelled forth. Oh, for some appreciative Yankee ear, thought I, to witness this perversion of their Christy's Minstrelsies! This mournful refrain—not because the Nero-tastes of a Southern "slave-driver" have decreed banishment to the negro from his cabin, his patch, his pig-pen, his fowl-house and his homely yet comfort-bringing associations, but because a hoard of plunder-loving, law-defying, thievish North-men assail alike master and servant, where there is pelf to be gathered and pilfering and lawlessness are practicable.

"Whose property?" ask one and another of our corps, as meeting and passing on,—

"Miss so-an'-so," or "Mas' so-an'-so, sir," the answer, with a courteous touch of the plantation-made straw hat. "And whose this?"

"Mas' A—'s, sir. Lor' bless my soul! aint dat Mas' Al' Davis?"

"Yes, how d'ye do Jim."—Which being a more passive turn of civility than a bona fide interrogation, Jim and Mas' Al' respectively go upon their ways.

"Stith, there's a chance for you," says Al,—"Miss Annie A.,—her father has the square miles and population, sure's you're born!"

Mr. Stith rode up closer and we were introduced. "An F. F. V?" I asked, with the faintest *soupçon* of something in my meaning which the tone, perhaps, did not effectually conceal.

"According to the construction of the N. C. 1*st* when we found ourselves in their good company on retreat from ——— ?" pleasantly asked Stith, adding—"I had the honor of being with my regiment at that time, though, for the term—"Fleet-footed-Virginians," the Virginia army at large possessing average velocity in pursuit, there is little danger of its being so significant of anything as *toes to the enemy*.

I challenged him again in some matter touching his state pride, averring finally, as I lost the best of my argument, that it amounted to arrogance, and that the Virginians thought no other people as good as themselves. It was very unnecessarys, to say this, I know, but some few incidents elicited of this kind of clashing,—foolish jealousy, were still rankling, and, —remember, friend, it wasn't to be expected that I should be in my most amiable humor, that night, or particularly to affect Virginians.

"I acknowledge," said Mr. Stith, "that when younger than I am now, North Carolina did not impress me very favorably through the specimens which she sent to

my native city for trading purposes, &c., but "——

"It was very unfair," I interrupted, "to judge of a whole State by a few individuals,—I was at College with a Virginian and did not form my opinion of his fellow-citizens of the State from him."

"What sort of person was he?" Mr. Stith inquired in his good-humored, affable fashion.

"*He* was a very nice fellow," I replied, irresistibly unduly accenting the personal pronoun.—He showed no sign that my pains had not been entirely lost upon him,—perhaps it was appreciated.

"I was going on to say," he resumed, having politely heard me out, that while enlarged intercourse with the world has the effect of making one appreciate home more highly it requires a very limited amount of travel and acquaintance abroad, (provided a man has an average amount of common sense) to take the conceit out of him, and convince him that his own State, City or community, is not the only one worthy the name. Beside sir," he added, "if, as you in common with many of the citizens of your State seem erroneously to hold, there ever existed on our part any arrogant assumption of superiority to you, you will soon be forced to acknowledge that, beyond the hooks of steel grappling each Confederate State to each and all the rest, an especial bond binds Virginia hearts to kindred hearts in the Old North State.

Our altar fires, gone out,—turned to ashes upon the hearthstones in the Old Dominion have been re-lighted here. Our scattered household bonds have been reunited here. We left weeping friends in our "occupied" cities,—we have made friends here who, smiling, bid us be of good cheer. Virginia and North Carolina soldiers fight side by side on the thrice-hallowed soil of my blessed Old State, and what more do we want to cement a union between us!

Rest assured, sir, the memory of that asylum which our refugees have found within your borders,—the gentle amenities, the sweet charities, the substantial benefits with which they have been literally overwhelmed will form within Virginia hearts a lofty and enduring monument,—a monument the sheen of whose heaven-crowned summit shall glance upon the shade of ages yet to come, tracing in letters of light such sentiments as this,—'*The greatest of these is charity.*' '*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*' '*I was a stranger and ye took me in.*'"

"Now there's a story I may tell you," he added in a more playful mood, "better than the 'F. F. V.' episode, though I enjoyed that too. Where my regiment is stationed, near Fredericksburg, our pickets and those of the enemy have frequent colloquies across a little stream which separates us. The —th, from your State are at present with us, and on the enemy's post, among others are some of the Bull Run boys as we call them. A few nights ago, at relief guard, I joined a party of friends and we heard in faint but very audible tones,—

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"Part of the —th North Callina."

"Oh yes! you've got tar on your heels, have you?"

"Ha!" broke forth contemptuously, "'twould a' been a d—d sight better if you'd a' had tar on your heels at Bull Run,—may be 'twould a' made ye stick a little better!"

No rejoinder, I assure you."

Our little band had separated ere this, we having comparatively neared the beleagured region, but from our investigations, severally, we had reason to believe that the enemy in force had retreated upon Newbern after their raid, yet we

discovered enough among the plundered occupants of farm-houses here and there to induce the suspicion of bushwhackers in the neighborhood.

"Feeling our way along," as the phrase is, our party of eight turned an angle of a road leading by a light thicket of young pines. I am not certain now, if we discovered any unusual movement among the shrubbery—the night was perfectly calm,—or whether it was by the instinct which almost never fails to apprise us of the presence of kindred life, but I for one, felt they were there. Simultaneous with this conviction came "bang!" across our bows, and in another moment a sharp crack as of rifles,—hither, thither, a sprightly little fire-rain;—lightning, withal, yes it must be lightning, that electric stream running athwart my right arm from shoulder to finger-tips,—or vice versa, I could scarce tell which, or what its course, clearly, save that the whole charge, whatever it might be, seemed to have established for itself a "local habitation"—where?—in one of my lungs, I think. "Rattle, rattle, rattle! Bang! bang! bang!" were the only circumstances, or conditions, or impressions of which I was subsequently susceptible. How it might be with the rest, heaven only knew,—oblivion swept over my mental sky, but when a dim sense of revivification came, Stith was chafing my temples and wetting with fresh water the bandages which seemed to hedge me about, and the surroundings were those of a plain, comfortable farm house.

"The rest of our squad got off pretty well" I heard voices say, "Sol. Williams' hurt turns out to be a mere flesh-wound, as he insisted, and but for poor Hilliard, here, it would have been a right pretty little affair.

"We must try to save that arm," I heard Dr. Howard say, though if amputation must be resorted to, pity it should be after his mother comes,—but, after all, this was ended in a sort of whisper,—perhaps he saw returning consciousness in my face.

I was better, was fast regaining consciousness of thought and feeling, however: but that tortured limb—it must surely lie on a bed of live coals!

That afternoon came my mother,—Sarah Crofts with her. I had dimly, deliriously questioned myself whether she would be so accompanied. There was my old black mammy, too, in charge of endless quarter-master and commissary stores,—a week's rations for a whole division, it seemed to me,—as such things went, in our army, and as I took, perhaps, very imperfect cognizance of them from my bedside. However, now and then,—not unfrequently, through the stowing of boxes, hampers, baskets, bundles, alongside the washboard and wall, I could distinctly hear—"Good-for-nothin, nasty, po' white folks things, go serve de chile dat way!" The acme of negro vituperation was reached in that last epithet,—Mammy Milly had exhausted herself. My mother said nothing and her moist eyes let no tear fall—for me to see;—Sarah was silent and quiet.

"It was very kind of you to come," I said to the latter, a few days after,—I had been forbidden to speak, up to this time. "Not at all," she answered, I feared Aunt Mary would exhaust herself with nursing and distress, and was vain enough to believe I might be of service to her. I have the name, at home, of being a capital nurse and have longed to offer myself at one of the Richmond hospitals, only father and brother had some notions regarding it which I felt bound to observe—unconvinced, however, that they were right and I wrong."

It was not consideration for me, then, this was very plain, which

brought her to my bedside,—"Aunt Mary," and after her—any Confederate soldier, sick or wounded, had better or equal claims.

Another essay on my part. It was the next afternoon, my wound had been more than troublesome, all day, and I had taken nothing save water. Sarah appeared with some daintily prepared refreshment,—frozen arrow-root, or something of the sort, of which I partook,—with little appetite, to besure, but then she expected it to be acceptable, and how could I say no?

"You take too much trouble for me," I apologetically said.—"No,—it is a pleasure instead of trouble," answered my cousin, "poor Aunt Milly is sick with one of her '*miseries*' and I could not induce her to lie down, (though she sat up all night,) until I promised to prepare and bring you this with my own hands."

Well, Sarah, I make no further effort to invade the general benevolence of your system,—there's nothing there for special appropriation, far as I am concerned, at any rate. In this conviction I fell asleep, she sitting beside me. I tossed wildly I know, and, I know not how long first, but a conclave of surgeons were about me, presently, it seemed, and when I complained that my very fingers burned, perceived that my once passively valued right arm was gone and only a stump remained.

The next day was Sunday. I can scarce tell how I knew it, but I had thought of it the day before and now remembered an old saying of Mammy Milly's,—I heard it about the time my father died,—that sick people were always worse on Sunday. It was afternoon,—all my restlessness was gone, and with it, too, my life-tide seemed to be ebbing away. It was a soft, quiescent feeling, though thought was not idle. Sarah can stay with my mother and be her child, I reflected;—how fortunate they should have taken so to each other. How abundantly I am blessed!—the next thought;—free, almost entirely, from physical pain. The next,—should I live, is it possible Sarah might ever come to love me? Scarcely. The next,—I had hoped to win distinction in this contest, and now to die ingloriously, (by comparison,) of wounds incurred in a little skirmish like that! I *must* live longer. I know Dr. W. said just now to my mother,—"if we cannot succeed in this remedy, he cannot last much longer, he will die from loss of blood." I was not afraid to die,—there was an inspiration with Southern soldiers, *God and Our Cause*, which kept off fear.—One look out of my west window, which was opened to admit the air;—a beautiful world this to which I was bidding adieu. The crimsoned gold and the golden crimson of sunset seemed to pervade the whole hazy atmosphere of this Indian Summer time,—gold-dust,—ruby-dust, impalpable, seemed to fly between the sky and me and settle upon each leaf and tree. The crimson-berried holly beside the house, how it glowed and flamed,—and now another look skyward, at the dying glory. A mysterious peace,—I say no more—"I cannot die now." Suppose,—I wonder if the thought has ever entered the heart of a Southern soldier before!—*suppose* our cause should fail,—how much better to die believing as we do that through God it must and will prevail, than to live, knowing that hope and prayer and sacrifice, and blood were all vain,—that the conqueror has come in triumph and our beautiful South-land succumbed.

All effort, even of thought is over;—my mother has kissed me, kissed me as only a mother can when she kisses her son for the last time. "To God and my Country!" is the benediction I

hear, and black mammy and all follow her from the room,—they fear, I think, that stony stare and blanched cheek and tearless eye. Only Sarah remains,—and what is this?—cold tears on my brow, and a low, wild, weird-seeming wail—"the war is over for me!"

Sarah? I could not speak,—all power of articulation was gone long ago. What was it? Was I galvanized into artificial life by this new motive power, impulse to continued existence?

Why could she not let me know, ere too late that she sympathized in my affection? That it was so I must know, now,—I could feel, but never tell what those words, that tone embodied,—why, then, so chary of even the faintest sign that she was not indifferent thereto? Fools can ask questions that wise men cannot answer, but I shall not be offended if no satisfactory solution ever come to the above queries, *because* I am a better philosopher than to grumble if to me it is not given to fathom the unfathomable—or to read woman's nature.

I have said I could not speak,—perhaps I would

> "Die and make no sign."

There is a philosophy which accords to simple volition the power of perpetuating existence *ad infinitum*. A man need never die if he *wills* to live, and no man's life-taper need ever be extinguished, provided he opposed with sufficient force of will the adverse element. To this end life must of course possess sufficient good,—incitement to continued existence, to overcome, super-annul the wily wooings of lassitude, the insidious, almost irresistible witchery of disease which whispers untiringly—"struggle no more, for what is life after you have so contested for it?—with me there is rest,—come!"

Now, though I do not endorse *in extenso*, this theory, I am a living witness to the recuperative power of the *new motive*, it acts upon the soul like the transfusion of blood upon the prostrate physical system, it is a life-growing element. Impelled hereby I did, in my heart of hearts petition the Good Being that he would give me strength to cling to life and through Himself to overcome the enemy, whose name is death. I reasoned thus, too;—I resigned myself passively to him, despite the claims of my widowed mother, my bleeding country,—perhaps the great All-Father may visit it upon me that I am strong,—or seek strength only in behalf of this young girl;—perhaps he will not recognise it as a scheme holy enough for his interposition,—and so abandon me. I thank him that he did not.

Is it worth while to go through all the details of how I began to revive? Of how, the worse Sarah Crofts felt, the better *I* felt? Of how I interpreted—to her very face in a few days, her agonized cry? Of how she declared that it wasn't fair,—that I was *shamming* and wasn't half as sick as I had pretended, and how she declared she thought I was almost gone, or she never would—never would *what*, Sarah?—and Sarah Crofts is dignified again,—for a moment,—only for a moment. Oh, those days of convalescence! they were worth,—yes, if a man had as many arms as a windmill, they were worth them all.

I asked if it was worth while to go through so much in narration, because when I review what is written the number of I's figuring here startle me into the belief that I am being transformed into an Argus,—and when I write, for the sake of old times, my name on a corner of this sheet, and append "C. S. A.," I think the last initial bears this new signification.

I went home to Bramble Hill and when I returned to camp after a good long leave of absence,

our boys thought the old adage verified:—"misfortunes never come *single*."

"That's so!—else that new suit of Confederate grey would never have been hanging so gracefully all this time in cousin Sarah's wardrobe."

I pretty soon got a position as Quartermaster; so I couldn't get into any more fights;—and now, dear boys, now that the clash of arms is hushed, that the blood upon an hundred battle-fields speaks to us mutely from the green grass there growing,—from the flowers which daily burn incense in the sun,—your unworthy comrade goes home, taught of them,—*to work*—that is,—not to repine, but humbly, hopefully endeavoring to do his duty in that station of life into which it hath pleased God to call him.

The farm-work is over for the day,—(They did worse things than to take our darkies from us.) Sarah and our beloved mother sit the one on each side of me, recounting their achievements in hitherto untrodden paths,—scrubbing, filling beds, &c., &c. Mammy Milly sits on the porch-step and knits in the moonlight,—declares she never specs to be white nor free till she comes to the kingdom.

The post-boy arrives. We must into the house and have a candle,—too hot for a *lightwood chunk*. A letter from Stith! Bless the boy! He who never brushed his own coat or cleaned his own boots, before the war, is a daily laborer on his father's plantation and will come to see us "when the crop is laid by." "After all," he writes, "this state of things opens up to us a new career not bad to think of. Our young men, (while the negroes have remained, generation after generation on the same old soil,) have had to tear themselves away from the old roof-tree and make new homes beside the Western waters,—in the far South, or perhaps Northern commercial marts:—now, we may stay with 'the old folks at home,' and not leave them solitary when the days of helplessness come on,—the home looking to them void of life as last year's bird's nests.—We may stay and cultivate the ancestral acres, making no compromise of our manliness in so doing, we may stay at home in independent dependence upon our thrice-blessed '*old people*.'"

I have withdrawn to my desk in the "gentlemen's sitting room" to finish or rather, close, these pages. Sarah steals in, looks over my shoulder and wonders if the General, (Hill,) numbers among his many accomplishments that of reading "left-handed" chirography. "You are getting to do it very well, though," she adds.

That girl's all the time trying to infuse into my brain the belief that I'm a hero, and at last I've got a line (of poetry, I call it,) ringing there—

"An empty sleeve of faded grey,"

to which I can't find a rhyme, that is, with the requisite rythm, &c. Can't Mrs. EDEN Southworth (name of blessed reminiscences!) or that lady of Catholic sympathies, Mrs. C. J. M. Jordan come to my rescue and set forth the same in Romance or Poesie?

CONFEDERATE GREY.

You're like your master, worn and old,
And scarred with wounds, my suit of grey;
I'll smooth you free of crease and fold,
And lay you tenderly away.

But ere I hide you from my sight—
Forgetting all that's lost and gone—
Let me recall the visions bright,
I saw when first I drew you on.

I saw a nation spring to breath,
I saw a people proud and grand
Do battle to the very death
For freedom and their native land.

I saw a cause pure of all harm,
Thrice noble and without one stain.—
I gave for it my good right arm:—
I'd gladly give it o'er again!

I saw across a stormy sky
The bow of glorious promise gleam,
And as its splendor blazed on high,
Fade like the fancies of a dream.

Then darkness such as might be felt,
Came down upon our hapless land,
And yet we know our woe was dealt
In wisdom by a Father's hand.

Grey clothes, you fill my heart with tears,
Though to my eyes they may not spring,
Recalling our four glorious years
And all the memories they bring.

Our cause is lost, our hopes are fled,
The Land we love sits sore bereft,
Lamenting for her mighty dead:—
You are the only vestige left.

For all we hoped and planned and thought,
And all we suffered and achieved,
In our Confederate grey was wrought.—
Well may it be with laurel wreathed!

Old suit! once more you will be worn,
When I am in my coffin laid.
Upon the Resurrection morn
I wish to stand in you arrayed.

When with hosannahs loud and sweet,
Beatified with bliss intense,
Our Southern soldiery shall meet
Confederate in the highest sense.

Grey suit, I look on you with pride—
Such pride as manly hearts may take—
As with our cause identified,
And doubly precious for his sake.

My martyr'd General, for he wore
Such clothes about the kingliest soul,
That God from his eternal store
Enshrin'd within a human mould!

I know he wears the garments now
That moth and rust can ne'er assail,
A diadem upon his brow
To which earth's brightest crowns are pale.

I know that in him angels trace
Such glory as on Moses shone,
Reflected from his Master's face,
As close he stands beside the throne.

Yet still I love, by memory's ray,
To see him as he used to be,
Clad in his well-worn suit of grey,
The synonym of victory.

The greatest victory he wrought,
Was when, at Heaven's supreme behest,
The faith well kept, the good fight fought,
He went triumphant to his rest,

Across death's river—dark and fleet—
And storming in tumultuous strife,
Forever left earth's noontide heat,
And rested by the tree of life!

There's little left to live for now,
Old suit, for such as you and I,
And but to Heaven's decrees I bow,
I'd gladly, like my General, die.

But long as God may choose to give
The simplest duty as my task,
I'm willing in his strength to live
And try to do it. All I ask

Is when my pilgrimage is made,
And I am numbered with the dead,
To join in Heaven the old Brigade
With STONEWALL JACKSON at its head!

Charlotte, Sept. 25, 1866. FANNY DOWNING.

NORTHERN PRISON LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Lee's Army in Pennsylvania—Battle of Gettysburg.

On the 29th of June, '63, the infantry of Gen. A. P. Hill's corps took possession of Cashtown, a small village in southern Pa., about eight miles from the now historic town of Gettysburg. Cashtown is situated at a gap in the mountains, and on account of the many roads leading from it, was viewed as a strategic point of some consequence. As the writer belonged to Pettigrew's brigade, he will confine himself mainly to the part it took in the operations in Pa. Our brigade arrived near sunset on the 29th, and encamping in column, on the slope of the mountain, about a mile from the village, soon had blazing fires with which to prepare our evening meal. Supper, not consisting of many dishes, was soon over, and spreading our blankets, many in a few moments were dreaming of the loved ones at home. If there is any fact that the soldier is thoroughly cognizant of, it is the uncertainty of——almost everything in camp life, and our regiment was soon started (not startled) by those everlasting words "fall in! fall in!" In a short time, we were marched about a mile across the country to another road and put to "picket it," with instructions "not to fire at any body of men that might approach from the outside until we were certain they were not friends, as Gen. Eweil would probably join us with his corps during the night."

The night passed off very quietly, only next morning the cracking, snapping noise I heard during the night was explained, by the road being full of cherry limbs stripped of their ripe fruit and which the day before had been parts of trees that shaded the road, sometimes for miles in that section of country. We had orders of course not to interfere with any private property or allow others to do so, but I think cherries and horses were the exception in those orders, if there were any exceptions, and perhaps some reader may suggest apple-butter, but as this was generally under the immediate supervision of its owners, I think payment was generally tendered, whether such tender was always a "legal" one or not, I will not attempt to say.

I suppose history scarcely records the march of an army through an enemy's country, in as orderly manner as this was made. Horses were much needed in the South, and the Quartermasters had orders to take all they came across, and either give receipt, or pay for them in Confederate money, which was willingly received by some of the people and refused by others.

The country was literally crowded with cherry trees, they being the principal shade trees along the roads, paths, and around the houses, and the people themselves showed no objection to our soldiers helping themselves to the fruit.

I only saw one house burned and that was the building of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. I heard while at Cashtown that a Virginia captain took some men and went out of our lines a few miles and burnt the houses of a yankee officer, who had burnt his own in Va. sometime before and who had insulted his wife at the time: but I think these were all that were destroyed

by fire by our army during its stay in Pa., except some public buildings in the shape of barracks, &c.

With the exceptions above mentioned, all property and rights were scrupulously respected, although many a muttered curse broke from hearts thirsting for revenge, hearts of those who had had their houses destroyed and that early in the war, and I heard many a Louisianian swear 'twas hard he could not revenge himself on "the Beast" now an opportunity presented itself.

As regards the people in that section of the State we passed through, most of them expressed joy at the appearance of our army, and many an old dutch lady said our coming would keep her old man or her son out of the militia, which was called out by the Governor at our approach; others would present loaves of bread and jars of apple-butter to our men, remarking if they caught their *Hans* in a fight they must not hurt him, which of course was duly promised. Since, I have often heard the yankees say that those people in that part of Pa., were the most cowardly in the world, which allegation may possess some truth in it, as more than one regiment of their home-guard was disbanded by a dozen "boys in gray." But to the narrative. On the morning of the 30th, quite early, our regiment was called in from picket duty; on arriving at camp we were ordered to get breakfast quickly, and prepare for a march. Breakfast was soon eaten, ammunition inspected and Pettigrew's brigade on the march. On passing the park of artillery, one battery already harnessed up filed out and followed in our rear: of course every one was anxious to know something of our destination, and many were the surmises made, but the most plausible story we could arrive at, was, that Pettigrew not having been long under Gen. Lee, and being an officer of much promise, with a fine brigade, it had been determined to let him "try his hand" with a body of yankees reported to be in or near Gettysburg. Of course we were delighted at the opportunity of showing our prowess before the great "Army of Northern Virginia," especially as we thought the odds would not be heavy against us, and part of our opponents militia-men. As we marched on, I rode at the head of the column near the General. "See A. that no citizen passes by us going toward Gettysburg," said he. Presently a shabby-looking fellow, riding a poor lank looking horse, came along and started to pass by towards the point. I rode up to him and politely asked if he was a citizen. "yes" said he; then you must stay with us, said I until released; "by whose order," said he. General P's was the reply. "Where is he at?" I rode with him up to General P.; after a short conversation in an undertone, I saw him pull a small slip of paper out of the lining of his coat and give it to the General. With a polite bow it was soon handed back, it bore simply the words "pass the bearer in and out the lines when he pleases,"—signed "A. P. Hill," countersigned "R. E. Lee."

Near noon we reached a hill, from which we could see some of the houses in Gettysburg. My horse not having been fed that morning, I rode off a short distance to a barn, and procured for him an armful of hay, the brigade having been halted with orders to rest. Pretty soon I heard the command—"fall in!" and riding quickly up I heard the General tell the troops that he had carried out his commands and he supposed that the objects intended had been accomplished, and that we would now return to the army. Of course we did not know what the objects or commands were, and if we "marched up the hill and then

marched back again" it was all right to us.

About face! forward march! and we started back towards Cashtown.

Going back the General rode in rear and cautioned me to keep a good lookout and report the first appearance of a blue-jacket. Soon half a dozen made their appearance on horse-back round a bend in the road, then some more, and then in a minute or two probably two or three hundred. Our brigade was thrown in line and an attack invited, but they kept shy and soon disappeared.

When about half-way back to Cashtown, we received orders to halt at a cross roads near by, to camp in line of battle facing Gettysburg, put out strong pickets on all the roads and await further orders. After putting out our pickets and getting into camp, it was nearly night, then the clouds which had been threatening for sometime poured down a drenching rain. I, having orders to see the picket rightly posted and then visit them every hour in the night, concluded to look around to see where I could spend "betweentimes" and get a pot of coffee to help keep me awake. To our rear about half a mile was quite a respectable looking house, and thither I wended my way. The privates had strict orders not to leave the camp, and contrary to expectation, I found only one or two there when I arrived and they had been sent after water; one or two mounted officers rode up, made enquiries and then left, leaving me alone, as the men had gone. Upon knocking at the door, I was asked in by an elderly lady who soon introduced me to her two daughters, whom she said were the only persons at home besides her, the male portion of the family having fled at our approach. Making known my wishes to her, she said she would accommodate me willingly with a pot of coffee and keep it warm through the night for me; as under the circumtances none of the family would retire during the night, they also wished me to furnish a guard which I did. Promising to return within an hour, I left for the picket and after going the rounds, I called back by the regiment and informed two of my friends, B. and M., that by accompanying me I would insure them a supper which they had lost on account of the rain: an invitation they were not slow to accept. The young ladies were the first we had seen that acknowledged themselves to be true yankees, they said their older brothers were in the "Union" army, but that "dad" and their youngest were at home the day before, but had run off with the horses, and gone to the army, and that if we went much farther and didn't mind, we would "catch jessie." The youngest one told me that the year before General Stuart had made a raid by there and taken all their horses, and had even taken her pet riding horse, though her father begged hard for it, but that soon after he came back by there and she went out and begged for it, and he gave it back to her, with a comptiment that won her admiration, and as she spoke of the gallantry of the Southern soldier, which she said no one would deny, I, looking in her bright black eyes, thought that somedody else placed in Stuart's place would have done likewise. Next morning, we three, B., M. and myself, called to bid them adieu, and although one said she would not shake hands with a rebel, yet they all wished, if we did get into a fight soon, that we might be spared from harm.—Three days after, all of us had been severely wounded, two of us lay for days upon the field until at last we were taken to one of the hospitals to remain for weeks; the other, the day he was wounded

was carried to a hospital established by our surgeons in a barn, and left there upon the retreat of our army with no one to care for him except—the very one who a few days before "would not shake hands with a rebel," but who now, throwing all malice aside, showed only the woman, and for months, day and night, she tenderly watched over him, until strength and health were again restored to his wasted frame. "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,"—but I anticipate,—

The morning of July 1st came in unclouded loveliness, the rains during the night had laid the dust and refreshed all nature, birds were singing their joyous notes, and thousands of hearts were beating high with hope, which before sunset were stilled by death. About nine o'clock, the troops from Cashtown commenced passing our position moving towards Gettysburg. Archer's Tenn. brigade in advance, Davis' Miss. next, then we filed in. I never saw troops in better spirits, everybody seemed lively. We were now within two miles of Gettysburg, I was watering my horse in a creek over which the troops were passing, when a musket is fired off some four hundred yards ahead, "'tis only an accidental discharge" thought I, but another, then a dozen, then crack! crack! zip! zip! boom! and the battle of Gettysburg is begun. The fact, that the two armies met in this manner so unforeseen while on the march, may indicate partially the cause of our defeat. To gallop to the front of our brigade is the work of a moment. The troops are deployed as rapidly as possible, Archer has made a gallant charge but is surrounded and loses half of his brigade, he himself being among the captured, artillery is brought into action and the enemy checked. Our line is established and all is quiet except a sharp artillery duel. We are lying in the edge of a wood awaiting orders, presently a wild yell, half a mile to the left, we know it well, it is Ewell's men, what terrific volleys of musketry! a lull again, then another yell; see across the open field how the yankees are running, and see how the rebs pursue. Attention!—forward! and away *we* go, facing the sharp sleet of minnie balls,—to the creek,—across,—up the hill,—then the struggle for life,—charge bayonets! a wild yell,—they yield, —we pursue,—and "the red field is won."

Such was the amount of the first day's battle, within forty minutes after the lines became fully engaged, we swept the field capturing five or six hundred men and strewing the ground with their slain and wounded; and pursuing the remainder through the town of Gettysburg to the heights beyond. We had something over two divisions engaged on our side, the enemy probably equalled us in numbers.

The loss this day fell particularly heavy on N. Ca., many of her best and most gallant men being among the slain. Our brigade lost a thousand men killed and wounded, the 26th regiment suffered most, its noble Colonel was killed leading the charge, the Lieut. Colonel was shot through the head while cheering on his men, the Major and Adjutant were also wounded, while some of the companies were nearly annihilated. It was on the left of the brigade and had to storm a rocky precipice, where the enemy could fire from three lines at one time. The 11th regiment suffered next, the Colonel and Adjutant wounded, the latter mortally and though riddled with balls, with his dying words he cheered on the men.—The Major, a gallant officer, was killed dead, and one company in it from Chapel Hill lost three officers killed out of four. The 47th and 52d did not suffer much com-

paratively, as the troops opposed to them gave way sooner.

The pursuit was not continued, which many maintain was the cause of our final defeat. Our brigade was relieved by fresh troops and night closed upon the scene.

Reinforcements for both sides continued to arrive during the night, and by early breakfast-time, Longstreet was ready to commence the attack on our right. On July 2d, Longstreet commenced his attack. (This day I was more highly favored than was usual for a soldier on the field, our brigade being so badly cut up was not put in action the second day, and we could stand nearly on the flank, and see all the fighting on the right during the whole day, and part of the time within a few hundred yards, and that in comparative safety, though now and then, when a squad of us on a fence or other high point, would cheer on Longstreet's men, the yankees would throw a shell or two at the crowd as if to punish us for our impudence.)

The ground to be fought on was quite hilly, the yankees were first driven off one hill then in turn drove back Longstreet, but were driven again, then held their ground, and so it continued all day, but at night Longstreet has been the gainer. Midnight came and affairs seemed unsatisfactory, all was quiet save the low mumbling of artillery and the stealthy tread of troops changing their position, while now and then came the inquiry from some moving light, "any wounded here."

About two o'clock, our brigade was ordered to "move quietly to the right." Over hills, across branches, through thickets, we slowly wended our way, soon we could tell we were on Longstreet's battle ground, by the moans of the wounded on all sides, "for God's sake don't tread on me," "please give me some water," were the sounds that grated on our ears every few steps. Then we reached Longstreet's position, formed a line, laid down and tried to sleep a while, preparatory to the coming struggle of the morrow.

The 3d of July broke upon two gigantic combatants wearied with the struggle of two days, the one chafed and fretted by the absence of that success that had so usually attended their prowess, the other gaining hope from delay, felt increased strength in its superior position knowing that it must be held at all hazards, to escape the fate which had befallen so many of its predecessors.

All was quiet along the lines, except now and then some bull-dog cannon would bark out as if weary of restraint, or a minnie-ball from some sharp-shooter would whisper uncomfortably near, like a spark which flies up from some smouldering fire, telling us, that though we see no blaze, there is still life within.

While lying in our position looking at the preparations being made for the grand assault, intelligence was brought me of the death of one of my dearest friends, —Captain Campbell T. Iredell, Co. C., 47th N. C. He had lost his right arm by a shell in the first day's fight, but his death was totally unexpected, and I cannot express the grief it gave me.—Dear Cam. two long, heart-corroding years have passed since then, yet it is as an event of to-day.—The memory of the past comes over my soul. *Our* marches, *our* bivouacs, *our* wants, *our* abundance, *our* sorrow, *our* rejoicings, each and all, they were common to us both.

When on that fatal field, thou wast stricken unto death, it was I, whose heart beat proud at thy heroic bearing, it was I, whose hands, in thy support, were bathed in thy flowing blood,—shed a holy sacrifice for liberty. And to-

day, upon that blood-washed field, the green grass waves between thy clay and heaven. Sleep well! —though in a stranger's land—undisturbed by the mighty noise of thousands, who come to commemorate—my defeat,—thy victory. Sleep well! for in this our sorrow-stricken land, there are faithful ones, who daily bend the knee *here*, while their hearts are resting *there*, in the grave with thee. And I, not among the least, will cherish the memory of thy manly virtues, until this weak flesh shall sleep its long, last sleep, where our souls shall commune together again in the spirit land.

"Sleep soldier! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring."

Cannon after cannon was brought up to the front and placed in position, and it was rumored along the lines, that we were to concentrate all our fire upon a certain position and then we were to charge. Our regiment was just behind a small strip of young sassafras growth and we had been ordered to lie close, so as not to show or expose ourselves. Desiring to get some idea of the work before us, I cautiously crept through the bushes to the other side of the strip. In the distance, about three fourths of a mile off, lay the cannon-crowned heights of Cemetery hill. Between it and me, fields of waving wheat and blooming clover, which so soon was to be tramped under foot, but which when being destroyed should see an atonement, so to speak, in the destroyer's life-stream on its blood-flecked leaves.

A ball from a distant sharp-shooter whizzing close by me, warned me that I had exposed myself and I quickly crept back to the regiment.

It was now nearly noon, the scene is vividly before my eyes, Lee, Longstreet and Pettigrew a short distance to our rear, in a ravine or hollow. Lee looks grand, and now and then shakes his head ominously. Longstreet strikes his clenched fist violently in his other hand opened, and by his actions seems to say, "if it can be done, *my troops* can do it, and *I* will lead them," while Pettigrew stands at respectful attention, venturing a word now and then, other Generals and couriers come and go. They separate and other couriers are quickly sent. There is a dead silence and the noonday sun of July is scorching hot, but we must not stir. Boom! on the right, boom! boom! it comes down the line. Boom! boom! in reply, the quicker and faster and fiercer five hundred guns answer each other until the very earth itself trembles and man holds high carnival with the powers of hell. For two hours does this terrible cannonade last, then it slacks. Attention! forward! then our last charge, I look around, in those two hours what a change, from order to chaos, from beauty to destruction, from life to death,—levelled fences, splintered trees, furrowed ground, broken cannon, exploded caissons, slaughtered horses, mangled men. The line moves forward over fences, across fields, forward! forward! close together, and fill up the gaps, up to the works through the leaden storm, part are over, our men waver, I feel a sudden shock as if my very soul was crushed, every thing vanishes from me, and I know no more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NUTRITION OF ANIMALS.*

Thus far we have considered the nutrition of animals, mainly in its relation to the composition and qualities of the food employed—pointing out the uses of each constituent part and indicating in a general way the kind of food best suited to specific purposes. We now propose to consider nutrition in its relation to the animal itself, somewhat more particularly.

The animal system undergoes perpetual change. The oxygen of the air, taken up by the lungs, is absorbed by the blood, and conveyed to every portion of the body. In its passage through the system, it seizes upon everything combustible, whether it be found in the recently eaten food or in old and worn out portions of the body, now passing into decay. In the former part of this article, we insisted that it was the starch and oil group of elements in our food which was consumed in the body by the oxygen taken up, while the nitrogenous portions of food contributed to the formation of muscle, sinews, &c. This statement was intended only as a general truth, and is subject to specific qualifications, as under some circumstances, not only do the substances of the starch group perform other functions, but the entire animal, nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous, is subject to a slow combustion from the attacks of the oxygen inhaled by the lungs. This oxygen, absorbed by the blood, circulates with it and as a liquid fire permeates all the cells and minutest tissues of the body, burning and destroying every particle which has passed through its appointed offices in the economy of life, and which, having become exhausted, now hangs as a clog upon the system.

Minute portions of the body are thus constantly passing into decay after their fulfillment of their appointed work, and a sort of interstitial death is thus ever occurring in which the body, atom by atom, gradually dies and passes away, giving place to new atoms instinct with new life and energy. During no two successive moments is the body identically the same in its material composition. All its functions, voluntary and involuntary, are incessantly working revolutions in its physical condition under the guidance and control of the mysterious principle of life. Secretions from the bowels, from the kidneys, from the perspiratory glands, and the products of internal combustion escaping with every breath we draw, are some of the sources of waste in the system. The perspiratory glands alone are reckoned at seven millions, and the sudorific tubes leading from them, and through which an insensible perspiration is going on day and night continually, are estimated to have an aggregate length of not less than twenty eight miles in the body of an average sized human being,—a fact which sufficiently suggests how actively these changes are taking place. To restore this waste, every animal requires at least three things—food, air and water. According to the army and navy rations of England and France, about eight hundred pounds, per year, of solid food, and fifteen hundred pounds of liquids of all kinds, are necessary in a full grown man to maintain the equilibrium between waste and repair: about eight hundred pounds of oxygen in ad-

* Continued from page 321, vol. 1.

dition must be consumed from the air to effect the changes requisite for the conversion of these into the various substances of the animal's body, making, in the aggregate, more than three thousand pounds of matter, per annum, necessary to maintain man's physical condition.

The general uses of food we have already sufficiently indicated —as well as the action of the air by which a slow combustion is kept up for the production and maintenance of the requisite degree of animal heat. Water acts in a several-fold capacity; first, as a solvent by which nutritive substances are prepared for absorption by appropriate organs; secondly, as a carrier for the system, by which all soluble matters after they have served their purposes in the animal economy are taken up and eliminated by the kidneys and other organs, or, if useful, are carried off as by the blood, to every part of the body where they are needed; thirdly, it gives to the flesh, in a good degree, its plumpness, softness and pliancy; in the fourth place, it acts as a cooling agent to absorb by evaporation the excess of heat which the continual combustion in the body produces; and the wisdom as well as the benevolence of the Creator is seen in the fact that when, from any cause, natural or artificial, the heat of the body, in a healthy condition, is increased beyond its ordinary limit, a more profuse perspiration immediately follows to counteract this excess by its evaporation, and restore the equilibrium. Indeed the whole physical condition of the animal is a scheme of checks and balances—continued wastes and continued supplies. Whilst the animal is young, and the vital energy strong and vigorous the supplies preponderate, and the animal gradually increases in size and strength. At mature age, the wastes and repairs just equilibrate, and the animal maintains itself without increase or dimunition; while in the decline of life as the vital energies decrease, the body gradually yields to decay.—So literally is it true that "in the midst of life we are in death," that it might be even added that, physically, death is an essential condition of life: in the domain of matter there is no activity without proportionate waste of energy—no exertion without decay—no life without death. Every act of the body is accompanied by a corresponding waste in its muscles and tissues, and hence the more actively we live, the more nourishment we need to supply the decay this activity creates. The animal body has been aptly compared to a burning candle, the flame of which appears unchanged and unchanging; it remains the same in volume, in brightness, and apparently in composition, for many successive hours, while in reality, no two successive moments finds it composed of the same particles.—Every atom of the candle has in rapid succession, passed through it, and formed, in passing, a part of its composition, and contributed for a moment to its light and heat. So with man. He is the subject of rapid and ceaseless change; atom after atom performs its appointed office in the economy of life—warms and quickens in the crimson tide that pours through the veins, or glows in the cheek that is flushed with the bloom of health, or sparkles in the eye that is lit with intellectual light—in every portion of the living framework they are busily engaged at their allotted task, and when their work is done, their vitality becomes extinct, and, like the atoms of a burning candle, they pass away. This interstitial decay and death of animal bodies, gradual and imperceptible as it is, is going on in every part of the system till every bone and muscle and fibre

is again and again entirely removed and renewed during an ordinary lifetime. It is estimated that in childhood, while the vital functions are active, this entire renewal of the physical man is accomplished as often as once every three years, and in mature age once in every seven—so that not a particle of our bodies which we caress and love so much to-day will be ours seven years hence, and the dear friends whom we have cherished, even if they should be separated from us for a short period, shall never again be seen in the flesh in which we knew and loved them; they will have "shuffled off this mortal coil" again and again during a brief lifetime.

In the light of such facts as these, how infinitely superior does the immaterial and spiritual part of us appear when contrasted with the material and sensual. The body is transient—passing away, even while in the vigor of life,—dying atom by atom every moment that we live; but the spirit is permanent, enduring, eternal. The casket may be changed, but the jewel is unaltered, the vase may be broken, but the odor of the ointment still remains, the temple may perish, but the God still lives.

To restore the continued wasting of the body, continued supplies of food are necessary. This food must first be digested, before it can contribute to the nutrition of the animal. The main object of digestion is to render the food soluble, so that it may be taken up by the absorbent vessels and thus conveyed to all parts of the body, where it may be needed to meet the required repairs.—This digestion, which is chiefly carried on and perfected within the animal, receives important aid from external and artificial means, such as cutting, grinding, cooking, &c., just as the chemist reduces to powder the solid substance, which is to be subjected to the action of his acids in the laboratory—the finer the powder to which the substance is reduced, the more prompt and perfect the digestive action of the chemical agent. Digestion in the animal does not differ in this particular from digestion in the laboratory. The better we can subdivide the food given to our stock, the more we relieve and assist the various juices of the system, in the performance of the digestive functions and the more fully is the food taken up and appropriated.

Cooking, too, has its advantages beyond merely rendering our food more palatable; it is at the same time rendered more digestible and more easily assimilated by the vital process. These facts show the wisdom of cutting, grinding and cooking the food given to the animals, which is now practised by all successful stock growers.

No prudent and thoroughly practical farmer would habitually submit his grain or root crops to the unaided digestion of his stock, without these artificial helps; for it is evident that such a policy would not only greatly increase the burthen imposed upon the digestive functions to the injury of the animal itself, but the fact that a part of the food thus taken into the stomach imperfectly pulverized must pass through the system wholly undigested and be entirely lost, shows that such a course would be wretched economy. Nature herself points to the path of duty in this connection, in no doubtful terms, by furnishing the animals with teeth appropriate to the work of cutting, grinding or crushing their food, as their several necessities may require.—Digestion, by the animal, properly begins in the mouth. Here the food is subjected to a two-fold process; first its mastication, and secondly the addition of saliva, which itself serves the double purpose of aiding, by its chemical qualities, in the digestion of the food, and assisting by its lubrica-

ting properties in the swallowing process. The same wisdom and sound philosophy, which we have seen required the thorough preparation of food before it is offered to animals, suggest the importance of its thorough mastication likewise before it is swallowed. The habit of eating too rapidly, and gulping down our food unchewed, as well as unmixed with the necessary saliva, is a fruitful source of dyspepsia and all the ills that flow in its train.

Leaving the mouth, the food next passes into the stomach, where by the aid chiefly of the gastric juice it undergoes further digestion and preparation for the nutrition of the animal. The gastric juice secreted from the inner coating of the stomach, and containing muriatic acid, is a true chemical agent, and by its solvent power united with the muscular action of the stomach itself, the food already partially comminuted by the teeth is now still further decomposed and rendered soluble for the use of the absorbent vessels. It is here that the nitrogenous or the flesh-forming portions of the food particularly, are digested, while the starch group of elements which mainly contribute to the heat of the animal system and to the fattening process, passes on to the bowels, where it is met and acted upon by the pancreatic, enteric, and other digesting fluids, till the entire mass has passed under review of the whole digestive apparatus, when such parts as still remain insoluble are rejected from the system as innutricious and worthless. Thus we see digestion begins with the mastication of the food in the mouth, where according to the nature of the animal, it is cut or bruised by the mechanical action of the teeth, and mixed with saliva which produces certain changes, especially in the starch group of elements, and prepares the food generally for further digestion. In the stomach, the process is continued by the co-operation of the gastric juice, which acts mainly upon the albuminous or flesh forming compounds, preparing them for conversion into muscles, sinews, &c., and from thence the food not taken up by the absorbents of the stomach passes on into the bowels, where digestion still progresses by the aid of the intestinal juices, which, like the saliva of the mouth, are alkaline fluids, and like it, act mainly upon the non-nitrogenous elements of food. By all these successive steps, digestion is completed, and over the whole surface of this digestive channel, from the stomach through the intestines, are thickly set the mouths of absorbent ducts and veins, which carefully select out of the mangled mass of food as it passes, such particles as are soluble and suitable for the special work they have to perform;—here the materials for flesh and bone are filtered through, and there an emulsion of fatty matters is absorbed,—here the lacteals are drinking up material for the blood, and there the biliary duct is pouring out its secretions from the liver. The work of preparation is now finished, and the innumerable veins and ducts, with their absorbent mouths, are gorged with the elaborated materials and are hurrying off the nutricious elements to their appointed place in the frame-work.

To follow the food thus digested through the absorbent vessels into the blood, and with the blood through all the channels of circulation whither it is borne to supply the wastes of the system; would be more tedious and less profitable than to turn our attention to some of the practical results derived from actual experience by those, who have devoted themselves to the nutrition of animals, as the business of life. Guided by the principles already discussed, and following in the track of approved experience, we will point out a few of the more useful results

which seem to be best established in relation to our subject.

By actual observation on the process of digestion in the stomach of living animals, made through orifices in the body, as well as by means of food introduced into the stomach, inclosed in perforated silver balls, the relative digesting power of the gastric juice upon different articles of food has been accurately determined. Among vegetables, the digestion of rice, it is said, will be completed in one hour, raw cabbage with vinegar in two, boiled cabbage in four and a half, roasted potatoes in two and a half, boiled potatoes in three and a half, wheat bread in three and a half, corn bread in three and a quarter, and green corn in three and three-quarters.

Among animal products, soft eggs will digest, it is said, in three hours, hard eggs in three and a half, roasted beef in three, boiled mutton in three, roasted pork in five and a quarter, and fowls, boiled or roasted, in four.

The complete accuracy of this statement, especially in regard to the articles of vegetable diet, must be considered, when viewed from a scientific stand-point, as somewhat affected by the facts already given while discussing the nature of digestion, viz: that some portions of our food, particularly the non-nitrogenous, are not fully, nor even mainly, digested in the stomach, but pass on to the bowels, and are dependent upon the intestinal juices for the accomplishment of the work.

Physical agents, such as heat or cold, activity or rest, light or darkness, also greatly modify the nutritive effects of food. Upon the temperature of the climate depends the amount of food the animal must eat, simply for combustion, to preserve its own internal heat. The appetite also increases with the activity as this increases respiration, and thus promotes internal combustion. Darkness, too, disposes to rest, and rest favors nutrition. If we would seek the most favorable condition for fattening our animals we should secure them a warm comfortable abode under circumstances which would promote as far as possible quiet repose for both mind and body. An experiment was made by Mr. Childers, in which twenty sheep were kept in a field, and twenty others of equal weight under shelter; both lots were fed for three winter months upon the same food (turnips as much as they would eat, one half pound of linseed cake, and half a pint of barley to each sheep per day, with a little hay and salt.) The sheep in the field ate the same amount of food each day for the three months; those under shelter ate less and less till the ninth week, when they each ate four pounds less of turnips, and one third less of linseed cake, and yet they increased about one third more in weight than those in the field. Similar experiments show that sheep kept under shelter and in the *dark* make the most profitable returns of mutton for the food expended; but the nature and habits of different animals, and the necessity for proper ventilation must not be neglected in such experiments.

The objects aimed at in stock-feeding are either to get labor, or fat meat, or milk, or growth simply. Each of these definite ends is best attained by definite means. If we would fit the horse or the ox for vigorous exertion and protracted labor, he must have supplies of nitrogenous food for the development of muscles and sinews. Corn and oats are the best suited of all the cereals for this purpose, and if mixed with peas, which have still more nitrogenous matter, and hay or fodder be added for the purpose of filling the stomach, it would seem that but little more could be desired to perfect the regimen. If we feed to fatten, corn is still the most suita-

ble of the common grain crops, being richest in oil, while the pea, so highly valued as muscle-forming food, has but little to recommend it for fattening purposes.—The oil-cakes, however, which remain after the oil has been partly expressed from linseed, rapeseed, &c., are largely used in England; and having from eighteen to twenty-five per cent of oil in them, are preferable to every other kind of food for fattening. Corn meal or oil-cake mixed even with inferior hay makes a tolerable food for cattle. Hogs are said to thrive best on sour food, but as the process of fermentation which gives the food its acid qualities, necessarily causes some loss in its elements, this is considered a doubtful question; although as some acids are known to have the power of converting starch into sugar, it may be that sour food contains such acids as can convert, not only the starch, but the woody fiber of the food, into sugar, and thus improve its quality. If milk be the object of our feeding, and we aim at quantity rather than quality, we should give succulent food, and plenty of water; if butter is wanted, the same process as for fattening will secure the end; if cheese be the object, give clover and pea hay with pea and bean meal, as these are rich in cheesy matter. Small breeds of cattle, other things being equal, will generally yield most milk in return for the food given, as it takes less of the food to sustain the animal, and thus leaves a larger surplus for milk and butter. If the main purpose of our feeding is to secure the growth of young animals, the mother's milk is, of course, at first the most suitable diet; it contains all the necessary constituents of food, and in proportions exactly suited to the wants of the offspring. If, however, the milk and cream must be appropriated to other purposes, as bone and flesh-forming materials are more needed by the growing animal, pea meal will best supply the deficiency, and if to this, corn meal or oil-cake be added for their fattening qualities, all that the case requires will be met. In all the cereals, both the fattening and bone-forming elements are most abundant in and near the husk. According to analysis, the relative proportions of oil in fine flour and in bran is as one to three, and of bone-earth as one to seven, showing that for all purposes of fattening or growth the coarser parts are richer and better.

In every case, while particular food will promote specific ends, and may be properly given in order to advance specific purposes, still the general wants and necessities of the animal require, for its best development and highest perfection, every variety of nutriment in due proportion. Varied food both for man and beast is promotive of health and vigor.

In conclusion, we will add that over many of the functions of nutrition a veil of profound mystery still hangs. The "vital force" presiding over and above the chemical forces seems so to control and modify their normal action as to defy to a considerable extent the scrutiny of human science. True this much abused term, "vital force," has long been, and still continues to be, a mask for all the ignorance of the charlatan in relation to the functions of life; whatever is to him otherwise inexplicable is summarily comprehended in the jargon of this vague and indefinite phraseology. Mainly because of this abuse of the term, and because of the fact that immense tracts of truth have already been successfully rescued from the supposed dominion of this "vital force" by the conquests of science, many have assumed that the very existence of a "vital force" is a myth and that there are no phenomena

in the whole realm of physical life, which will not be ultimately reduced to physical laws. For ourselves, however, we prefer to hold that the "vital force" is a something, and that something, like the life from which it emanates, more elevated and spiritual than all mechanical or chemical powers—a something more directly emanating from the Author of life, and by which He excepts his living creatures from the exclusive dominion of brute force, and brings them more immediately under His own control—a something left in the world of matter to warn the physical philosopher, amid the wide spread reign of material laws, of the existence of a God, even as conscience lifts her voice amid the wreck and ruin of the soul.

RED CLOVER.

It is well known to the agricultural world, that the introduction of clover into England, produced an entire revolution in her agriculture. Its value as a fertilizer of the soil added to its value as food for cattle, made it one of the most important crops grown.—"The action of its long and powerful tap-roots is not only mechanical,—loosening the soil and admitting the air—but also chemical, serving to fix the gases important to enrich the earth, and when these roots decay, they add largely to that black mass of matter we call the soil. It serves, also, by its luxuriant foliage, to destroy annual weeds which spring up on newly seeded fields, especially after imperfect cultivation. But one of its most valuable uses, and one too often overlooked, is to shade the surface of the soil and also in this way to increase its fertility." (Flint's Grasses.) It is said whenever clover is mowed the tap-root strikes deeper into the soil; and if the soil is good and porous the oftener the top is cut off, the deeper will the roots penetrate. Mr. Thomas, of Milwaukee, makes the following statement: "several years ago, whilst in England, an acquaintance of mine, the late Charles Colling, Esq., had a field of oats which were altogether a very fine crop, but yet on some portions of the field, was a much fuller and heavier crop than on other portions; and on being asked the reason by a party of gentlemen who were visiting his farm, he replied 'last year the whole of this field was in clover, a great portion of which was mowed off for the purpose of stall-feeding my work-horses as required. That portion of the field on which the oats are lightest is where the clover was mown only *once;* that part which is something heavier is where the clover crop was cut *twice;* and that part of the field which now bears the heaviest and most luxuriant crop of oats, is where the clover crop was mowed off *three* times during last summer.'"

A great advantage in the cultivation of clover consists in its rapid growth. In moderately good, well tilled soils, it requires but a few months to produce an abundant and nutritious crop, relished by cattle of all kinds.—The late Col. Croom, of Ala., one of the most successful agriculturalists of his day, said, in a letter to a friend, "you would scarcely believe me, were I to tell you how valuable my clover is to me. Besides the grazing of my sheep, colts, calves, &c., it nets me $75

per acre in pork alone. In addition, it requires no expense, and the land is improving all the time. By means of my clover pastures last year, my crop was, for this country, a remarkable one. To each efficient hand, I made ten bales of cotton, eight hundred lbs. of pork, two hundred bushels of corn, and the wheat necessary for family use. Besides this, I sold eight thousand lbs. of beef, two thousand lbs. of fat mutton, and one thousand lbs. of butter. I mention this not by way of boasting, but to show you that grazing and planting may be profitably blended."

Col. Croom also informs us that before the introduction of the red clover on his estate, he could never produce the supplies of meat necessary for his laborers. His slaves received each six lbs. of bacon per week, and bread, sweet potatoes, cabbages, pumpkins, and peas, *ad libitum*. It is a question whether their condition has been improved, physically or morally, by emancipation.

We will continue to quote from Col Croom: "A proper supply of pasturage is the great want of Southern husbandry. Unless this want shall be better supplied, our agriculture *must continue to decline*. A routine of crops which furnishes a plentiful supply of grass, hay and small grain, is essential both for successful rearing of stock, and the improvement of our soils.

"The agricultural statistics of England show that while she has some ten millions of acres in crops, she has fifteen millions in grasses and pasturage.

"There are portions of Virginia and North Carolina, which, twenty years ago, (he writes in 1855,) were so gullied and exhausted by the continuous cultivation of the two hoe crops, tobacco and Indian corn, that it was difficult to sell them at three or four dollars an acre. These lands now sell at from forty to one hundred dollars an acre, and are annually increasing in value, under a different treatment. Where formerly were seen the gaunt cow and horse, the half starved hog and sheep, are now to be found fat and improved animals of every kind, and luxuriant fields of red clover, timothy and blue grass. Now what has caused this revolution? Simply the change from the unremitted hoe crops, Indian corn and tobacco, to a judicious system of rotation, and proper attention to manure, which, while it has improved the soil, at the same time has furnished a plentiful supply of grass and hay."

Col. Peters, another distinguished Southern agriculturist, writes to Col. Croom, "I am under obligation to you for the hints you gave me on red clover and hogs. I have proved every word to the letter. I back all you have to say in praise of red clover. I give up corn in future until my hogs are put up to fatten; and have arranged for clover summer and winter. It acts like a charm. I have now three hundred acres of clover, and grasses; shall sow down one hundred acres more this year, and by 1857 will be prepared for a clover rotation."

Mr. Robert Nelson, of Macon, Ga., says, (to the Southern Cultivator,) "The doctrine that red clover will not do when the soil is deficient in lime, has made its round through our agricultural papers; and Dick has so often repeated what Harry told him, without trying it for himself in a proper way, that everybody now thinks it a fine excuse for not growing clover. I was raised in a clover growing country and I can assure you that I have seen beautiful fields of clover on land that did not contain any lime.—But clover requires a deeply worked and finely pulverized soil.—The way of starting a clover field, however, may not be known to

some of your readers, and you will therefore, allow me to give a short description of it.

When a field is sown in the fall in wheat, rye, or any other small grain, and well harrowed over, the clover seed is sown very thinly broadcast; eight lbs. to the acre is sufficient. It needs no covering, as it will easily work itself down into the ground. By next spring, the clover will grow up beautifully in the shade of the grain crop, and when the latter is mown off, the clover will be found grown from six to twelve inches high. All leguminous plants, to which the clover belongs, are always greatly benefitted by plaster."

THE BARNWELL'S OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Look forth on yonder field! Lit by the first rays of an October sun, two armies may be seen prepared for battle. On the slope of the hill rests motionless a host, over whom floats a glittering banner, with the device of a warrior worked in gold and enriched with flashing jewels. Upon the opposite eminence the rival army is drawn up in stern array, awaiting the conflict, and eager to bear forward "the three lions of Normandy." A sudden shout of "God help us!" and they dash onward to the fray. From the hill-side that shout is answered by the Saxon war-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" and the battle is begun. Higher and higher the sun rises o'er that fierce and bloody scene. Now, right, perched on the banner of the golden warrior seemed about to triumph; but, anon, it is borne back, and the parting beams of the day-god rest on the three lions, floating in solitary pride, o'er the hard-fought field of Hastings. The golden warrior trails in the dust, where, among his lifeless defenders, lies the bloody corpse of Harold "the last of the Saxon kings." The mighty hand of Norman William grasped the contested prize; and the fair realm of "Merrie England" is the spoil of the conqueror. Among his followers is one, who bears the name of Barnevelt, or Barnewall, ancestor of the present family of Barnwell.

And now turn from this scene of conflict, and follow to the shores of the Emerald Isle. In the midst of a group of mail-clad warriors and fierce barbarians, stands a fair-haired maiden, daughter and heiress of the savage monarch—Dermot Mac Morrough, king of Leinster. It is her nuptials, which are being celebrated in sight of blood and death, and her spouse is yon dark leader of the Norman knights, Richard de Clare, Earl of Strigul; better known as Strongbow. Among the knights, who with him made Ireland their throne, was Sir Michael de Barnewall, founder of the houses of Kingsland and Trimblestone.

Queen Elizabeth sits alone with a picture in her hand. It represents several youthful and high-born gentlemen, grouped together, with a motto beneath, asserting that a common object, a common danger, is their bond of union.—Well knows the Queen that this object is her assassination, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion, by raising Mary, the captive Queen of Scotland, to the English throne. Closely she studies each form and feature, that they may not approach her unknown and un-

heeded. Foremost in the group is Anthony Babington, and beside him stands young Barnwell, the descendant of Sir Michael de Barnewall, companion in arms of Strongbow.

Who has not pictured to himself the fatal 30th of January, when the grave sad face of Charles I, looked forth for the last time upon the realm of which he was the sovereign; then was laid calmly on the block, while he murmured his last word, "Remember!" Who has not thought of his bigot son, pining in a foreign land for the crown his own conduct had lost! Faithful to the house of Stuart, the Barnwells forfeited wealth and power in their defence, as did so many of the Irish nobles.

The daylight is slowly waning in the depths of a mighty forest. With stealthy tread a band of bronzed and stalwart men pass beneath the over hanging branches. Among them are seen tall, erect, sinewy forms, their natural copper hue almost lost in the gaudy paint with which they are covered. Soldiers the band surely are; yet no plume waves in the breeze, save the feathery tops of the dark and mournful pines, and strange bunches of stiff, ungraceful feathers, stuck in the black hair of the wild red men.—The hunter's unerring rifle takes the place of sword and spear; and steel helmet and glittering armor are alike unseen. But the foemen,—where are they? Lurking behind the giant trees; crouching low in the thick under-brush, the sudden whistle of the poisoned arrow, as it speeds its unerring flight to the heart of some brave soldier, alone attests their presence.—Surely here, in this wild scene, speaking of a new and yet unsettled land, can be found no scion of the proud old Norman stock! Yet in the veins of yon bold leader of that sturdy band flows the blood of him who fought at Hastings.—Col. John Barnwell had, at an early age, embraced the Protestant faith, and, being discarded by his stern sire, sought a home on the smiling sea-coast of South Carolina. Amid the forests of her fair sister, the Old North State, he did battle with the cruel Tuscarora Indians, and by his prowess won the name of Tuscarora John.

The Revolution came, and found their fiery Norman blood flowing freely in the cause of liberty and right. It is midnight on the broad Atlantic. The English brig Packhorse, bound to New York, with a band of American prisoners on board, is pursuing her solitary way. Suddenly the deep stillness is broken by shots, cries and groans. A brief struggle, and the brig is in possession of the prisoners; her course changed for Wilmington, N. C. Well did those brave patriots deserve their liberty. When the British threatened, if the Americans retaliated for the murder of Col. Hayne, to sacrifice these prisoners, they unanimously signed a paper requesting that no thought of them should prevent the authorities acting as they deemed most for the welfare of their country.—Among this band were two grandsons of Tuscarora, John and Edward Barnwell, and his great-grandson, William Elliott, uncle of the gifted and eloquent Bishop of Georgia, and grand-father of the late gallant Gen. Elliott.

Robert Barnwell, another grandson of the Indian hero, at the age of seventeen had received sixteen wounds in the service of his country, and yet lived to take a prominent position in the Legislature of South Carolina, and in the halls of Congress. It was his most fervent prayer for his children that they should be remarkable as devoted servants of Christ. And truly has that petition been answered. One of his sons, the polished, courteous gentleman, the

eminently wise and Christian statesman, who bears his name, is still spared to his bleeding country. The other, that zealous soldier of the Cross, who labored so faithfully and with such rare success in his Master's vineyard, has entered into his rest. But his mantle fell upon his peculiarly gifted and cultivated son, whose kindly care and heavenly teachings cheered the sick and dying hours of so many of our gallant soldiers. He, too, has passed to his eternal home, but his name lives, a household word throughout the South. The brilliant talents of both father and son, and yet more, their ardent devoted consecration of their all to the service of Christ, shed a radiance around the old Norman name, purer and holier than the fame of the proudest conqueror that earth can boast.

The late war found the descendants of the patriots of '76, still at their post, willingly risking fortune, home and life in the service of the South. Six brave hearts, which beat with love for her, are forever still; and those who live must labor for their daily bread, many deprived of their old and cherished homes. Yet, like all gallant true-hearted men of the South, they have put their shoulder to the wheel and shrank not from the toil. Methinks they are a fairer representative of the old chivalrous race, though "lands and honors, wealth and power," are no longer theirs, than the titled, sonless old man, in London, who, with the snows of seventy winters on his head, still lingers on the confines of the spirit-world, and bears the name of Baron Trimblestone.

Near Dublin, in Ireland, stands the ancient fortress of Drimnagh Castle, once the stronghold of the Barnwells, now in the hands of strangers. The front seems one solid mass of ivy, save where there are openings in the rich, dark green for the windows. The moat, too, is in good repair, and the strong wall still remains, but the old masters live in other homes.—Yet many of the name, reduced to the humble walks of life, linger around the old castle of their former chiefs. The noble spirit of the days of chivalry still animates them in the midst of poverty and toil; for a late traveler in Ireland mentioned the incident of a child being saved from drowning by a young Barnwell, who, in the attempt, alas, lost his own brave life.

And so it is in South Carolina. The old homesteads, where the sires and grandsires of the present generation dwelt in refinement, ease and plenty, where

> "Still they bore without abuse,
> The grand old name of gentleman,"

are now the desecrated spoil of the foe. In those old halls, which have echoed to the merry christmas shout, the enemy's foot has trod, and negroes have held their revels.

Picture to yourself a clear, breezy spring morning; the sun shining brightly, the glad notes of hundreds of feathered songsters making the air vocal with their music, and fair nature smiling in her fresh green robes. Pass through this broad avenue of royal oaks, the branches meeting overhead in a majestic canopy of richest green; up the steps, through piazza, hall and parlor, come with me to a second piazza beyond.—And now look forth! Dancing, flashing, sparkling in the sunlight, roll the waters of Broad river on their way to the mighty ocean.—Along her banks stretch the green shores broken here and there by peaceful homes. Yonder glides a snowy sail, sure token of a party seeking the rare sport of drum-fishing. On the right, another avenue of live-oaks winds down to the white, sandy beach, while in front is a small flower garden. Oh, what new, glad, bounding

life seems poured into every vein, by that fresh, salt breeze sweeping over the blue river! Heart, mind and body drink in its inspiriting freshness, and involuntarily you exclaim, "Oh Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name in all the world!"

Such is Laurel Bay, on Port Royal Island; the old homestead of the Barnwells, now in the hands of the United States Government.

The shades of night rest on the scene I have attempted to portray. With stealthy tread, hushed breath and watchful eye, two forms glide 'neath the deep shadow of the trees, in the direction of the house. They are both young, and both wear the uniform of Confederate grey. The absence of any badge speaks them privates in the service of their country.—Yet in their veins, dows, pure and unsullied, the same fiery Norman blood that nerved the arms of the followers of William the Conqueror, and Strongbow; that beat in the loyal hearts of those, who, with the noble Duke of Ormond, went forth to battle for the Royal Martyr; that bade old Tuscarora be calm and fearless in the midst of hidden dangers; and that was poured forth freely by the patriots of the Revolution. Suddenly a light, flashing through the trees, bids them pause, and the loud sounds of uncouth revelry meet their ears. Who can be holding high festival in this desolated home? Another step,—and what a spectacle is revealed! Negroes throng the piazza and rooms beyond; lounging on the chairs and sofas; dancing in the old parlor. Shame! Shame! The scene is too revolting to dwell on.

Whether this old homestead will ever be the abode of intellectual refinement, hospitality, mirth and christian love as in other days,—rising, like the crest of her former masters, a phœnix from the ashes of her desecration,—God alone knoweth. But could those brave old ancestors look down from their homes of rest, they would find no stain on their ancient shield; and their descendants still hold firmly to their proud old motto "*malo mori quam foedari.*"

LEROY.

GEN. HOKE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS DIVISION.

Hd. Qrs. Hoke's Division, near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

SOLDIERS OF MY DIVISION:

On the eve of a long, perhaps a final separation, I address to you the last sad words of parting. The fortunes of war have turned the scale against us. The proud banners which you have waved so gloriously over many a field are to be furled at last. But they are not disgraced, my comrades. Your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under suffering, have surrounded them with a halo which future years can never dim. History will bear witness to your valor, and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for Constitutional Freedom. Soldiers! Your past is full of glory. Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle-field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrade.—Think then of your future.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor.

You are paroled prisoners, not slaves. The love of liberty which led you into this contest burns as brightly in your hearts as ever. Cherish it. Associate it with the history of your past. Transmit it to your children. Teach them the rights of freemen, and teach them to maintain them. Teach them the proudest day in all your proud career was that on which you enlisted as Southern soldiers, entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed by the blood of your compatriots who have fallen, and whose history is coeval with the brilliant record of the past four years. Soldiers! amid the imperishable laurels that surround your brows no brighter leaf adorns them than your connexion with the late army of Northern Virginia. The star that shone with splendor over its oft-repeated fields of victory, over the two deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, over Richmond, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, has sent its rays and been reflected wherever true courage is admired, or wherever freedom has a friend. That star has set in blood, but yet in glory; that army is now of the past. The banners trail but not with ignominy; no stain blots their escutcheon. No blush can tinge your cheeks as you proudly announce that you have a part in the history of the army of Northern Virginia. My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships; we have braved the same dangers; we have rejoiced over the same victories. Your trials and your patience have excited sympathy and admiration, and I have borne willing witness to your bravery. It is with a heart full of grateful emotions for your services, and ready obedience, that I take leave of you. May the future of each one be as happy as your past career has been brilliant, and may no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame. The past rises before me in its illimitable grandeur. Its memories are part of the life of each one of us. But it is all now over. Yet though the sad dark veil of defeat is over us, fear not the future, but meet it with manly hearts. You carry to your homes the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity. My comrades, farewell!

R. F. Hoke,
Major General.

THE HAVERSACK.

The wisest of men has said "the poor is hated even of his own neighbor; but the rich has many friends." And so too, the faults, blunders and mistakes of the unfortunate can be seen by all men, but few are ready to throw the mantle of charity over the imperfections of the best and the wisest of our race. These thoughts have been suggested by the proneness to forget the distinguished services of one whose brilliant early career was somewhat clouded by his last earnest, but unsuccessful efforts for "the lost cause."

In the fall of '61, a young lieutenant of cavalry reported for duty at Yorktown. He was immediately assigned to the command of all the cavalry on the Peninsula, and given the temporary rank of Major, till the appointment could be confirmed from Richmond. Our troops had been greatly harrassed and annoyed by sensational reports from th

inexperienced and unorganized cavalry pickets. These false alarms immediately ceased at Yorktown, and were transferred to the lines of the enemy. His marauding parties were beaten and driven in. His scouts were captured or compelled to remain under the guns of his fortifications. The shivering garrison at Newport News could not cut a stick of firewood, without the risk of ambuscade and death. In one of the expeditions of the bold Major, while driving through the woods a party of the enemy, a wounded Federal begged piteously for some one to pray for him. A Confederate, (we believe a cousin of General McClellan) halted, offered up an earnest petition for the dying man and then promptly regained his place in the chase.

The young officer left the Peninsula to take charge of a regiment of Texans on the Potomac. With a noble band of congenial spirits, and a more important field of enterprise, his higher qualities were rapidly developed. His untiring watchfulness and ardent zeal soon attracted all eyes. At Eltham's Landing, it was his good fortune to defeat McClellan's attempt to cut off Johnston's retreat from Yorktown. From that time forth, "Hood and his Texans" became associated in men's minds with all that was efficient, enterprising and chivalrous.—With the wreath and stars on his collar, he had other troops added, first to his brigade and then to his division. These were as true and dauntless, with some exceptions, as his old command. But by popular consent the brigade and the division were both spoken of as "Hood and his Texans." This may have been partly due to the sort of proprietary right, which the Texans claimed in their youthful leader. The wonderful devotion of these men was intensified by the terrible ordeal of fire at Gaines' Mill. We heard the next day that on some previous occasion, he had quieted his old regiment (which had felt aggrieved by another being selected for a certain duty) by the promise to lead it in person in the next fight. When the regiment found itself in front of earth-works and battery of artillery rising above battery, the men called out to their General to remember his promise. Placing himself in their front, he carried them through as awful a storm of projectiles, as ever beat upon the heads of devoted troops. The guns were captured, the enemy was beaten; but alas! how few of that band of heroes were left to exult over the victory.—Grief and not triumph marked the bearing of the leader of the charge, for many a long day. His scouts were known to be the most daring as well as the most trustworthy, in the army. We happened to be present on the morning of the battle of Malvern Hill, when he directed one of his scouts to go through a ravine and bring in a prisoner. The man replied "General, if it is more important to get one from the top of the hill, I think that I can manage it."—'Twas not very clear how a prisoner was to be brought off, in the face of all that army of infantry and artillery. The General laughed and said that a man from the out-post would answer. And here we must digress, a moment, to notice a similar incident at Chickamauga. When Granger's corps appeared on our flank late in the afternoon, Forrest called up some of his men and said, "I want to know what troops those are, bring me in some prisoners." In half an hour, the squad was seen returning with three prisoners. "I knew that they would bring them" was all the comment that Forrest made. It was the very highest compliment that language could have employed.

When Garland was killed and his brigade scattered, on the right

of the turn-pike at Boonsboro, the enemy had an open road to our rear. But he felt his way very cautiously, and did not seem to be aware of his advantage till "Hood and his Texans" stopped the way. 'Tis well-known, too, how effectually and successfully, they covered the retreat that night, bringing off the immense parks of artillery and trains of wagons.—But 'tis not so well known how often, the weary, the despondent and the broken-down, who had sunk down by the way-side, were encouraged to go on by the kind words of cheer and comfort spoken by the commander of the rear-guard.

Then, too, the whole brunt of the infantry fight on the afternoon of the first day at Sharpsburg fell upon the same devoted troops.—The wonderful deeds of prowess performed by these men on the next day, were never surpassed by the knights of the age of chivalry. At early dawn, that noble soldier and gentleman, Captain Hamilton, of Hood's staff came to the writer of this, with a request for reinforcements. Three brigades (feeble in number) were sent him. With this slender support, he beat and drove back Hooker's corps, and the blue coats lay as thick in his front, as did the red-breeches on the ground over which he made his terrible charge at 2d Manassas. But a fresh corps was thrown upon him, and he in turn was forced to retire.—The 4th Texas lost its flag, but not until (in the words of the General) "it was buried under a pile of its defenders." After the defeat of Hooker, General Hood thought that the easiest and most decisive victory of the war could have been won, had he been supported by the troops, which ought to have been up.

At Chickamauga, Rosecranz withdrew a division from his right, to meet Breckinridge's determined and successful assault on his left. This left a gap in his line of log breast-works undefended, and Hood's quick eye detected it and his heroes were soon sweeping McCook and Crittenden before them, like chaff before the wind.

These services should never be forgotten. Men are more inclined to censure than to praise, and more apt to remember a disaster than a success. But we trust that so long as there is soul enough, at the South, to admire pure patriotism and noble deeds of prowess, "Hood and his Texans" will be honored and loved.

A friend gave us an anecdote of this old division, without mentioning to which State the performers in the comedy belonged. On their way to Chickamauga, a squad of them strolling about the streets of ——— came suddenly upon three nice young men belonging to the "bomb-proof" class, as the soldiers called the Government employees and others, who had managed to raise technical objections to military service. Raising a wild yell, the soldiers charged upon the "bomb-proofs," surrounded and captured them. As usual in all such cases of teasing, the tormentors affected rustic manners and dialect.

1st Soldier. "Mister, did you ever see a bomb-shell?"

1st Fop. "Yes."

1st Soldier. "Well, I hearn that you had a powerful lot of them in your 'bomb-proof.' Dont they liz purty?"

2d Soldier. "Mister is you aid to the Guvnor?"

2d Fop. "No."

2d Soldier. "I kinder thought that you had them purty boots and store-clothes to please the Guvnor's darters."

3d Soldier. "Mister is you a po-et?"

Third Fop. "No."

3d Soldier. "You looks like you was a racl po-et. I wants you to write some po-et-ry to my

old gran-mammy. She's powerful on himes (hymns) and hot bricks to her feet."

At this juncture, a big soldier came up and interfered. Looking piteously upon the frightened captives, and then reprovingly at their persecutors, he said to the latter, "boys, haint you got no more manners nor to insult the women-folks?" Our informant does not tell us, whether or not, the women-folks thanked him for his interference.

The cavalry very properly retired, when the enemy's infantry advanced. But this led to many a rough joke upon them by the foot-soldiers. "Here comes the butter-milk rangers, its going to be a fight certain," was a common greeting to the bold troopers, as they passed to the rear. The luckless horseman fared still worse who had to pass alone along a line of infantry. One day, a dragoon was stopped by a foot-soldier, and the following dialogue took place.

Infantry. "Mister, did you ever see a yankee?"

Cavalry. (Sharply.) "Yes."

Infantry. "Did he have on a blue coat?"

Cavalry. (More sharply.)—"Yes."

Infantry. "Did you stop to look at him?"

Cavalry. (More sharply.)—"Yes."

Infantry. (Very earnestly.)—"Mister, please tell me if your hoss woz lame, or if your spurs woz broke?"

On one occasion, the tables were turned very handsomely on a saucy infantry man. Jack N—— had a very big body, but a very little heart, and when the balls began to fly, his long legs would carry the enormous hulk to some safe place. Now it was made the duty of the cavalry to pick up stragglers from the battle-field, and it was whispered that Jack had had some adventures of that kind. He, however, was just as ready as the bravest, to taunt the cavalry. While engaged in this pleasant occupation one day, an angry trooper turned round and cried, "you long-legged rascal, you are the very fellow I caught running from the battle of Fredericksburg. I know you by the knees of your breeches being out." Kneeless breeches, as every body knows, could not have pointed out any one in the Confederate ranks, when there were so many hundreds of denuded knees in every division. But "conscience makes cowards of us all," and Jack, thinking that he was detected, hung his head in shame, and for all time to come, let the cavalry alone.

Apropos to the retirement of the cavalry, a friend gives us a rail-road anecdote. A trooper and two foot-soldiers, friends of his, had got into the ladies' car, where there was a whole colony of babies. One boy-baby woke up and raised a hearty cry for the "maternal fount," as Micawber would say. Then a feebler and more lady-like squall broke upon the stillness of the night. Soon, a dozen infantile voices joined in the chorus. The soldiers began to get very nervous and restless and a whispered conversation was held between them, as to beating a retreat. The cavalry man was for a prompt flight, but the infantry soldiers thought 'twould be offensive to the fond mothers. At length, the cavalier got up and said, loud enough to be heard by every one, "well boys, I'm used to retreating when the *infant*-ry opens fire, and I aint ashamed of it," and out he went.

An ex-cavalry officer gives the following from West Virginia.

"One night late in the fall of '64, while our command was encamped along the Opequon, a stampede was made among some

horses, which ran to a point where some dismounted troopers were sleeping. Among them, was a lieutenant, who had but recently received a severe reprimand from McCausland for a false alarm given by him. Hearing the maddened rush of the riderless horses, the gallant lieutenant thought a charge was being made by those fierce horsemen from West Virginia, who in Federal pay, shed such lustre upon the Yankee arms. He did not wait till their flashing swords were over his head, but plunging into the creek just above a mill-pond, he reached the opposite bank in safety, and was climbing the hill above it when a voice reached him from the deserted shore, "Come back, lieutenant, it is nothing but some loose horses charging around." With teeth chattering with excitement and with cold from his recent bath, the youthful warrior shouted back "well, McCausland cant say that *I* got up *this* infernal stampede, any how he can fix it.'"

The gallant Colonel T——, of Tennessee, gives a conscript story, which, those fond of card-playing, will relish. "In my regiment was a fellow (I will not say soldier) named Akin. He was a strange looking creature every way, with his eyes cut the wrong way of the leather. He was fit for nothing but to play poker, and acquainted with little beyond the slang phrases of the card-table. After the battle of Harper's Ferry, at which he behaved badly, he renewed a former application to be discharged under the Conscript Act, alleging that he was over thirty-five years old. His proofs upon his first application were against him, and his attempt, to make the surgeon believe that he was blind, was equally unsuccessful. He came to me this time, saying, 'Colonel, I've got the proof now, sure enough, that I am over thirty-five.' I said, 'it is too late Akin, your conduct has been such that I can not believe any thing that you say; besides the newspapers report that Congress has raised the conscript age to forty-five.' He looked at me with much surprise expressed in his countenance, at this Congressional blow to all his hopes. Then rolling his eyes round in the reverse direction to all other human eyes, he said, 'Colonel, do I understand you to say that Congress has seen my *blind* and raised me *ten*?'"

General Holmes was a very plain spoken man in his dealings with his subordinates. We have received many anecdotes of his straight-forward speeches, when in command west of the Mississippi. His celebrated interview with Colonel H——, of Texas, has often been talked of, but we know of no publication of it. Our version of the story comes from Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

"While General H. had his Head Qrs. at Little Rock, Arkansas, he had a grand review of the troops from Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Colonel H——, had a splendid body of men from the last named State, but totally undrilled and undisciplined. Such marching as they made, while passing in review, was probably never seen before and may never be seen again. Some very nice observers were ready to swear, that no two men in the whole regiment, set their feet down at the same time. Nothing could irritate General H. more than bad marching, so in high wrath, he sent for Colonel H. The colonel came dashing up on his noble war-horse, looking every inch a soldier, and as confident as though he expected a compliment for his magnificent regiment. The General's bearing was so quiet that the colonel did not suspect the existence of the burning indignation within.

General H. 'You have a very fine horse, colonel?'

Colonel, (proudly.) 'I have the finest horse in the army.'

General H. 'You have an excellent band of music, Colonel.'

Colonel, (more proudly.)—'There is not a better band in the Confederate States. I pride myself on my horse and my band.'

General H. 'You have a noble-looking regiment.'

Colonel, (loftily.) 'There is not a better looking set of men in the world.'

General H. 'How do you keep your horse and your band in such fine condition?'

Colonel. 'I pay great attention to them, General, that is the reason.'

General H. 'Well, Colonel, if you paid as much attention to your regiment, some of them would be able to march on review.'"

This public rebuke stung the colonel to the quick, and he determined to wreak his vengeance on his delinquent men. After the review was over, he drew them up in line and made them a speech. I heard it and give you nearly a verbatim report. 'Fellow-soldiers! after the conscript law was passed, didn't I go to Houston and get authority from General Hebert to raise a regiment, and didn't I raise the regiment and save you all from the eternal disgrace of being conscripted? And didn't I go back to Houston and get authority to take you to the front, where you might show how Texan soldiers could fight, bleed and die for their country? And didn't I ride down two splendid horses, in going for and bringing you clothing and medicines? Yes, fellow-soldiers, you know that I did all this for you, and now what have you done for me? Why this very day, fellow-soldiers, you have disgraced me in public and went stumbling along, so as to make old Holmes say (may Satan catch him) that *there was not a rascal among you, who could walk!*' The colonel seemed much relieved by his eloquent outburst, but it was long before the regiment, which *could not walk*, heard the last of his speech."

Shreveport, Louisiana, sends us an anecdote of the lamented General John Adams, of Tennessee.—"On returning to camp late one night, he was halted by a sentinel on an outpost. After giving the counter sign, and telling the sentinel who he was, he got to questioning the man about his duties as a sentry.

General. 'If you saw two men coming toward your post, what would you do?'

Sentinel. 'I would halt them and then direct one to advance and give the countersign.'

General. 'If three or four would approach, what would you do?'

Sentinel. 'I would do the same thing.'

General. 'Suppose you saw a dozen coming, what then?'

Sentinel. 'I would do the same thing.'

General. 'Suppose a whole regiment should come, what then?'

Sentinel. 'I would form a line, quick as possible.'

General. 'What kind of a line could you form by yourself?'

Sentinel. 'A *bee*-line for camp!'"

Wheeling, *West* Virginia, *so called*, sends some Trans-Mississippi anecdotes.

"While I was serving on the staff of Brigadier General Tappan, of Arkansas, I was ordered one night to superintend the grand rounds. There happened to be on post that night, a Frenchman by the name of Victor Pedron, as gallant a soldier as ever shouldered a musket. He was on the second relief, and towards the close of his tour was getting tired and sleepy, when to his great joy he saw a body of men approaching, which he did not doubt was

the third relief. He challenged promptly, 'who comes dere?' Answer, grand rounds. 'Begar, I tought it was ze tird relief.'—Nothing was said on either side for some time, when we getting tired of waiting, again advanced. 'Who comes dere?' 'Grand rounds.' 'Oh go vay vid your grand rounds. I have de grand sommeil too much (am too sleepy) zat I cant receive grand rounds propremen.'"

"The Arkansas cavalry were notorious for their fondness for fresh pork, and all the efforts of General Holmes to prevent hog-killing were in vain. The craving for roast pig spread throughout the entire cavalry, but Marmaduke's men were supposed to be the worst affected by it. While we were encamped at Camp Bragg, Arkansas, Generals Holmes, Marmaduke and a large number of officers of rank were riding by the position occupied by Price's infantry. General Holmes was scolding Marmaduke for the depredations of his command, when suddenly a pig was heard to squeal some distance off. 'There now,' cried Marmaduke, who had taken the rebuke with a very bad grace, 'some of Price's men are stealing a pig at this very minute and the cavalry will get the blame of it.—I will catch the rascal and show you, General, that the infantry are as bad hog-thieves as my men.' Away he dashed followed by the old General and the whole crowd of officers. They soon came to a horse hitched to a fence, with unmistakable cavalry equipments upon him. A man, too, was seen with a pig on his shoulder. 'What are you doing,' shouted Marmaduke, 'and to what command do you belong, you scoundrel.' 'I belong to Marmaduke's cavalry and the General does not keep us very well supplied with rations, so I was just acting commissary for the command,' said the imperturbable trooper. 'There now,' said the old General. 'I give it up,' said Marmaduke.'"

Wharton, Texas, gives an incident of the battle of Tishemingo, which we commend to the future historian of the war. This fight was between General Forrest on the one side, and General Sturgis on the other. The latter had his Head Quarters at the house of Mrs. Brice, at Brice's Cross Roads. "Here he kept his position till late in the afternoon, encouraging his soldiers by telling them, 'there is only a squad of rebels out there, Forrest has gone to Georgia—I heard from him this morning.—Pitch in and drive off the bush-whackers.' Then he would walk to the table, on which there were some glasses, a pitcher of water and a bottle of brandy. He drank to his own health, frequently, and seemed very confident of an easy victory over the handful of rebels, little dreaming that old Bedford was there. Courier after courier dashed up with the most encouraging accounts from all his brigade and regimental commanders.—Mrs. Brice in an adjoining room could hear all that was said.—Each courier was asked the question how goes the battle?' 'Driving them, General, at all points,' was the invariable answer. Then the messenger of good tidings would be courteously invited to take a drink. At length, however, a trooper dashed up crying, 'our men are giving way every where and the rebels are driving them furiously. The woods are full of rebels.' This messenger was *not* invited to drink by the General. He rose and went to Mrs. Brice's room and said to her, 'madam, I know that you are an enemy and true to your own people, but will you answer me one question?' 'Yes, General, if I can do so with propriety.' 'Can you tell me whom I am fighting and how many men he has?' 'You are

fighting General N. B. Forrest and he has about twenty thousand men.' 'Thank you, madam, I bid you good day,' and he departed."

There was a class of soldiers known as "hospital rats," and no rat ever had such an instinctive perception of the vicinity of a cat, as each one of this class had of the neighborhood of a battle. They could literally "smell the battle afar off," and the odor was always sufficient to send them to the hospital. It was really wonderful to notice how seldom their olfactories were at fault. Sometimes, a too great delicacy of perception would make them mistake a skirmish or a sham demonstration for a real fight. But they made no blunders about the approach of a grand battle, and were sure to be taken sick a few days before the first gun was fired. A number of these "hospital rats" were at dinner one day in Richmond and seemed to enjoy an excellent appetite. A soldier, who had just come from the front to inquire for a wounded comrade, was looking on with a good deal of disgust expressed in his face, when he saw a surgeon approach. Going up he said, "doctor, if you have got any rat pison, please let me have a little to put in them fellows' soup." The soldier, probably had hit upon the only remedy, which could have abated the nuisance. Oh, for some Costar in those days of infestation by hospital rats!

Our friend, the S. C. Chaplain, gives an account of the fight of seven "Stono Scouts." The "Stono Scouts" was one of the companies attached to the command of the gallant Maj. Jenkins, who won for himself an enduring reputation on the coast of S. C.

The enemy held the south-western extremity of John's Island; their force not well ascertained, as their gunboats commanded the approaches to it. We had some companies of Black's cavalry, and the small command known as the Stono Scouts. These last had fine imported long range five-shooters, the other cavalry were mocked, rather than armed, with shot guns. Under the circumstances, the cavalry were not encouraged to fight, and the Scouts were positively hindered from skirmishing, by the officer commanding the whole picket force, to whom their captain reported. They were employed, partly on the more important picket duties, and partly as guides for the others, inasmuch as they were at home upon the Island, and familiar with its paths and fields.

On the night I speak of, Captain ——, of the cavalry, with six Scouts as guides, was ordered to approach the enemy by one road, to reconnoitre him, while the others advanced along another route. On emerging from the wood, which skirts the last plantation on John's Island proper, just before day, with a brilliant moon shining, Captain —— discovered sufficient evidence that the enemy were encamped about the dwelling house, some half a mile from him. The blue-coated sentinel discovered our party also—fired his gun, and fell back. Thereupon the captain, transported with martial zeal, cried out, "Boys let's charge 'em!" And the leading scout replied, "Well captain, we haven't got any sabres, but if you say, charge, we'll charge."

Captain —— said "charge," accordingly; and away they went, pell-mell. One-half, three-fourths, seven-eights—of the distance were swiftly and smoothly passed.—The enemy, alarmed, was hastily forming; their field piece was run out, and commanded the road.—Still the rush went on, and the collision seemed just impending, when a guide halloos—"mind the ditch, captain!" Sure enough, there ran a deep ditch, backed by a dike, and the dike crowned by a

fence perfectly impracticable for their horses! Straight and hopeless, it traversed the whole front of the enemy, from water to water, and was itself crossed by only one bridge, wide enough for the passage of a single cart.

With more presence of mind now, than he had shown discretion before, Captain —— gave the order, "Head of column to the left!" and before the enemy could make it out, in the uncertain light, the command were scattered like partridges over the fields, making their best time for the woods.—The enemy's volley fired wild, hit nobody. But the captain, to cover the retreat of his own men, had called out, at the last moment, "long range rifles, dismount and fight!"

Out of the saddle in a moment, and into the ditch, they sprang, and opened fire on the whole camp. It was no part of their business to inquire what the officer's farther programme might be. Running along from pannel to pannel of the fence, independently of each other, and pushing the barrels of their guns through the upper edge of the bank, they blazed away at a rate which made it impossible for the assailed party to estimate their number. The brass six-pounder, fortunately for them, was near by and entirely exposed; and they took good care to make that vicinity particularly hot.

Meanwhile, the captain of the Scouts, with the rest of his little command, were hanging upon the brow of the hill, trying in vain to find out what was going on, how six men managed to keep up such a fight against an enemy who were firing *by platoons*, and why they were not captured or torn to pieces. And one man actually ran his horse across the unsheltered plain, ensconced himself in a clump of bushes, and "cracked away" on his own account! That made it the fight of the *Seven* Scouts.

The sergeant in command of the squad, who had been looking out anxiously for the second chapter of the captain's enterprise, whatever it might be, and had at last discovered that it was not forthcoming; well aware that the day, which was rapidly breaking, would bring certain destruction, ordered a retreat. At that moment one man was wounded, and one or two horses had been struck, but he, and indeed they all, succeeded in escaping.

The enemy—whose records, afterwards obtained, showed that they had over 200 men and a piece of artillery—crossed the "cut," or canal, in their rear that day, and withdrew entirely from the Island on the day following. Their loss was never ascertained; was probably slight; but there was blood on the ground, and one building had evidently been used as a field hospital.

The "Ladies' Home" published at Atlanta, Ga., takes us to task, for attributing the origin of "war to the knife" to Palafox and not to the "Heroine of Saragossa." *Place aux dames!* all precedence to the ladies! Now we have very great respect for the Ladies' Home. It is faultlessly printed on clean white paper. It has able writers and a high moral tone. It is remarkably free from those clap-trap devices to secure patronage, which have been a reproach to Northern journalism. Its admirable taste shows that a real *lady* and a real *gentleman* preside over its destinies. A criticism from such a source deserves attention. We think that our "fair" critic did not read our article attentively. We were trying to show that a wrong origin had been given to most popular phrases. We however, did not make as clear as we ought, our view that nothing more could be done than to trace back such expressions to the time when a pub-

lic enunciation was made of them. We do not believe that the guerrilla cry "war to the knife" was first used by Palafox, or that heroic woman, whose name is indissolubly connected with the siege of Saragossa. For generations, the Spanish peasantry have settled their feuds by an appeal to the knife; and no doubt that for generations, an irreconcilable difficulty has been regarded as one involving "war to the knife." The Mexicans are not a reading people, and yet their newspapers were full of this expression, during the American invasion of their soil. Their common soldiers, sometimes, shouted it to our soldiers. The citizens used it in conversation with us. It is highly improbable that they derived it from the incident at Saragossa.—Like the Spaniards, the mixed races in Mexico are revengeful, and the *machete* (long knife) is the umpire appealed to in their quarrels. The phrase "war to the knife" arose then naturally, in Mexico, out of the habits of the people, or it may have been introduced by their Spanish ancestors two hundred years before the siege of Saragossa. *The first official proclamation of it to the world* came from Palafox. This is all we contend for.

We would like to turn the attention of our "fair" critic from ourselves to a still more curious investigation, viz: what Southern orator first used the expression? Was it Brownlow, or Jack Hamilton? Whoever this *Southern* orator was, there can be no doubt that he kept himself as safe during the war, as the *Northern* Generals, Butler and Schenck.

In response to the call made for the names of the six privates, who cast burning shells out of the trenches at Petersburg, we have been told of two of these noble heroes, both from our own gallant North Carolina. Captain J. D. Cumming, who commanded one of the finest batteries in the Confederate service, writes to us, "while Butler was 'bottled up' at Bermuda Hundreds, a heavy cannonade occurred on the 3d day of June, 1864. During the fire, a shell from a 32-pounder battery, just opposite our position, fell into the trenches and rolled under the trail of a gun by which I was standing. Private J. P. Pierce, from Columbus county, N. C., a member of my battery, raised the shell and threw it over the parapet. I reported the fact to Head Quarters, and the following extract of an order from General Beauregard shewed his appreciation of the heroic deed.

'VI. The Commanding General is pleased to notice the coolness and bravery exhibited on the 3d instant by private James P. Pierce, of Cumming's battery.—A 32-pound shell from the enemy's batteries having pierced the top of the earthworks and rolled under the trail of a gun, private Pierce, with a presence of mind worthy of admiration, picked it up and threw it outside the trenches, before the fuse had burned sufficiently to explode the shell.

By command of
GEN. BEAUREGARD.
J. M. Otey, A. A. G.'

This order was given at Hancock's house, June 8th 1864."

The gallant Col. John Brown, who commanded the 42d N. C. regiment, furnishes the second name. "Private Frank Campbell, Co. F, 42d N. C. regiment, belonged to the drum corps, but as he had a fondness for sharp-shooting, he was frequently on the lines. On one occasion, a loaded shell fell into the trenches at Petersburg. Campbell caught it up immediately and threw it outside, before it could explode, thereby saving the lives of a number of his comrades. On another occasion, he threw water upon a shell for a

like purpose. He was wounded in the head at Cold Harbor, left the lines only long enough to get the wound dressed, and contrary to the advice of the surgeons, came back to his post and fought heroically. He is from Davie county, and I am glad to say is still alive."

Unselfishness is the highest quality of the soul. We would ask our "late enemies," if 'twould not be the part of wisdom to cultivate and conciliate such noble, unselfish men as these, rather than the mean, selfish sneaks, like Jack Hamilton, who shouted themselves hoarse for Secession, till they saw that the cause would fail, then became rampant Union men and revilers of the gallant fellows who, under their teaching, had bared their heroic bosoms to the missiles of death?

Danville, Virginia, gives us an anecdote illustrating the disposition of the soldiers to tease those improperly out of service. A citizen, with long hair, long whiskers, big mustachios, and grand imperial, had his head at a window in Richmond. "The human face divine" was so completely hidden by the crinial covering above it, under it, and around it, that the *tout ensemble* seemed to be an immense mass of hair stuck in the window, or pendent from it. A soldier passing by, stopped and gazed with much interest at the curious spectacle, and then calling to a comrade across the street said, "Ned, I have found my old mar" (mare.) "Where?" replied Ned. "Dont you see her tail sticking out of that window? I could swar to her tail any whar. But how in the thunder did the old critter git up thar?" The tail was promptly withdrawn.

Napoleon, Arkansas, sends us an anecdote of a Texas soldier.—While trudging along one day all alone, the soldier met a Methodist circuit rider and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it.

Preacher. "What command do you belong to?"

Soldier. "I belong to the —th Texas regiment, Vandorn's army. What army do you belong to?"

Preacher. (Very solemnly.) "I belong to the army of the Lord!"

Soldier. "My friend, you've got a very long way from Head Quarters!"

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

It cannot prove otherwise than entertaining to your readers, to have placed before them a brief sketch of the gifted and noble editor of the METROPOLITAN RECORD. John Mullaly, whose courageous and brilliant advocacy of the rights of the South, during the the late war, has made his name almost a household word among its suffering and heroic people, is, by birth, an Irishman. He is now about thirty five; and, having emigrated from his country some twenty years prior to the commencement of the recent conflict, must have been a mere boy when he landed in the United States. His strong vocation for Literature soon connected him with the Press, as a professional career; and, in 1861, when the great national disaster was precipitated by New England cupidity in the guise of fanaticism, he was engaged in editing the journal he has since so widely popularized, as a religious newspaper, and the official organ of the late Archbishop Hughes. The departure of that prelate for Europe, on a confessedly political and warlike mission, abruptly severed the relation he then sustained to the

Record ; which shedding its purely denominational cast with its ecclesiastical patron, while retaining such unobtrusive affinities with the religion of its editor as are permissible in an independent print, it immediately became a General Miscellany of Social, Literary and Political Intelligence, pronounced in its advocacy of the Constitutional Rights of the South. It is at this point, that Mr. Mullaly's course, acquires peculiar and grateful significance in the Southern estimation of it. The power of his vigorous pen lifted him, at once, into the dignity of a champion. From week to week, amid the bustle of arms and the threats of terrorism, appeared articles, barbed with the condensed acuteness of Junius, or resonant with "the roll of the Greek's multitudinous line," which the young editor of the Record fearlessly discharged through its columns, at the highest in place and power. Every fresh infraction of the Constitution was instantly exposed and denounced ; every new military usurpation unsparingly scourged and gibbeted, until the name of the gallant Irishman, who thus encompassed by enemies, felled a foe with every stroke of his adventurous blade, became equally famous among those in whose behalf it was wielded and those at whose abominations it was aimed. Unable to meet his arguments, the bellicose representatives of the party of "moral ideas," forcibly suppressed his paper, by military edicts, in Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky and Tennessee, while the obsequious creatures who controlled the Northern post offices employed themselves in the mean drudgery of obstructing its circulation. Finally, he was subjected to the indignity of a personal arrest, by an order of General John A. Dix, from which he was eventually released, after various delays, on illegally extorted bail, and the flagitious farce of a military hearing, by the active interposition of Charles O'Conor, Esq. The disastrous close of the war, did not cause him to "moult a feather" in his determined adherence to the principles of the Lost Cause, and his paper, now extensively circulated, with daily increasing patronage, among our people, speaks everywhere for itself what no one need speak for it.

In person he is a little below the middle stature ; well-formed, with gracefully defined features expressing amiability of disposition mingled with decision of character ; a brow somewhat Napoleonic in contour, and the shade and fashion of hair ; fair complexion and bright blue eyes.

EDITORIAL.

It is usual to attribute the gross licentiousness and general corruption in Great Britain after the accession of Charles II, to the reaction against the iron rule of Puritanism. The reason is good so far as it goes ; but he is a shallow reader of the philosophy of history, who does not discover a deeper cause beneath the surface. It is to be found in this, that to the besotted minds of the people, loyalty included every virtue and rebellion included every crime.—Hence it followed that the man, who had been mindful of his duty to his earthly sovereign and regardless of his duty to his God, had no upbraiding of conscience. On the contrary, he might have been drunken, debauched, depraved, a robber, a house-burner, a murderer, and yet in the very courts of the Most High, he could point with scorn to the rebel and roundhead, and raise to himself

the doxology of self-glorification, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." He was a loyal man, and therefore not only could not be a sinner, but was a saint with a vast bank-stock of works of supererogation, from which penitent roundheads might draw. He had no need of "repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." The sinless have no crimes, and even no failings to mourn over. He had no need of the three cardinal graces of the Spirit of God, faith, hope and *charity*. Loyalty was a higher grace and superceded these. He heard the threatenings of the law, and heeded them not; they were intended for rebels. He heard the promises of the gospel, and appropriated them; they belonged of right to loyalists. Is it wonderful that under these convictions, the British nation plunged into the wildest excesses and became steeped to the lips in the vilest pollutions? Loyalty was of more esteem than pure and undefiled religion, integrity, moral worth, and all christian virtues. Rebellion was the only sin to be repented of, forsaken and abhorred. Under this teaching, the court became more and more licentious, the church more and more corrupt, and the nation more and more depraved. We must look away from these fanatical loyalists to find men distinguished for learning and piety. The three names of that period to which the British people now look up with most respect, love and reverence, all belonged to the ranks of the rebellion. The rebel, John Milton, ranks only second to Shakspeare as a poet, and the whole civilized world pays homage to his genius. There is no name in theology more honored in the Protestant world, than that of the holy Richard Baxter, the rebel chaplain of Whalley's rebel regiment. He is the author of one hundred and twenty (or according to others of one hundred and forty five) distinct works, some of them folios. It is remarkable that the best known of all his books, the "Saint's Rest," and that which probably has been the most useful in winning souls to Christ, was written while he was in the rebel ranks.

John Howe was the rebel chaplain to the rebel court of Cromwell, father and son, and yet so admirable a judge as Robert Hall has pronounced him the greatest of all the Puritan divines, and all his contemporaries speak of his devoted piety and great purity of character. He, too, was a voluminous writer, and one of his works, the "Living Temple," is admired by christians of all denominations, and is said by the sainted William Jay to have no equal in the English language.

Another effect of the loyalty-mania in the reign of Charles II, was this: the court was licentious to a most shameless degree, and it was loyal to do as the court did. Hence the domestic virtues, for which the British people are preeminently distinguished, were less practiced in this reign than in any other, and the sweets of domestic life were less enjoyed.

The two causes enumerated above, rather than reaction against Puritanism, produced the depravity in the British nation in the time of Charles II; first, the delusion that loyalty comprehended all goodness; second, the loyal imitation of royal vices.

History is constantly repeating itself. If we come down to the period following the rebellion, *so called*, to reinstate the Stuarts, we find the same low grade of piety in the Church and low state of morals among the people. The epithet rebel and jacobite, comprehended all iniquity. Loyalty, once more, comprehended the whole circle of moral duties. Denunciations were now hurled at the Pope and Pretender, just as they had

been at the rebel and round-head. James Stephen, the British essayist, has well said in the Edinburg Review, 1838, "the former victims of bigotry had become its proselytes, and anathemas were directed against the Pope and the Pretender, with still greater acrimony than against the evil one, with whom good Protestants of all denominations associated them.—The theology of any age at once ascertains and regulates its moral stature; and, at the period of which we speak, the austere virtues of the Puritans, and the more meek and social, though not less devout spirit of the worthies of the church of England, if still to be detected in the recesses of private life, were discountenanced by the general habits of society. The departure of the more pure and generous influences of earlier times may be traced no where more clearly than in those works of fiction in which the prevailing profligacy of manners was illustrated by Fielding, Sterne and Smollett; and proved, though with more honest purposes, by Richardson and Defoe."

So we see in the reign of the Georges, the same causes producing the same effects, as in the reign of the Stuarts. In both periods, piety declined and learning languished under the fiery zeal of a sanctimonious loyalty. *It is our solemn conviction that the greatest curse which offended Heaven can inflict upon an erring people, is the delusion that there is but one crowning virtue and but one damning sin, and that they possess that virtue and are free from that sin.*—We accept as a thousand times better than this, the destruction of our currency and labor system, and the wide-spread desolation of our country. Those blackened chimnies stand all over the South, as monuments to the wrath of man. That awful delusion is a more fearful monument of the wrath of the Most High. Our twelve hundred burned or desecrated churches tell of man's opinion, in regard to the heinousness of rebellion. But that infatuation, which closes the eyes to personal sins and short-comings in duty, tells of abandonment to "walk in the light of their own fire, and in the sparks that they themselves have kindled." The almost universal drought at the South may be intended, by a merciful Providence, to save us from a similar phase of Pharisaism. We have attributed our unexampled losses to the enemy, and have not sufficiently recognised the hand of God in his dispensations. Therefore, the need of personal repentance has not been sufficiently impressed upon the conscience. But we cannot say that the Yankees brought the drought upon us. 'Tis a visitation of God and shows that he has a controversy with us. May the chastisement turn our people to repentance and may they be clothed with humility, as with a garment.

Surely, the facts above given ought to teach a most impressive lesson. Loyalty to the house of Stuart, which in the time of Charles II, was the sole virtue, became under the house of Hanover the sole sin. And thus men's opinions of virtue and vice continually change. The first advocate of the slave trade was the benevolent Catholic, Las Casas.—His pity for the poor Carib in the West Indies induced him to propose the substitution of the hardier negro for him, as a day-laborer. And so the pity of the benevolent Protestant, Whitfield, for the unfortunate orphans of Savannah prompted him to encourage the slave-trade, so that the sweat of the negro might bring prosperity to his Orphan Asylum.

But the most curious instance of a change of sentiment is in the good people of New England.—The first slave-ship was fitted out

in Boston. Our friend W. S. Harris, Esq., of Cabarrus, N. C., has furnished us with a copy of the *Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser*, dated September 12th, 1763. It is printed on coarse paper and with rude type. But we could not discover a single typographical error, not even a comma out of place. Even at that early day, Boston was distinguished for praise-worthy attention to business matters.

The first thing which struck us was an advertisement on the bottom of the 3d page. "A LIKELY NEGRO MAN to be sold.—Inquire of the printers."

What a howl, such an advertisement in a Charleston paper ninety years later, would have raised. On the 4th page, we read, "a gentleman lately arrived from Surinam informs us that the insurrection of the negroes at the Dutch settlement at Berbecia was instantly quelled and every thing would soon be restored to its former quiet; *great numbers of the rebellious negroes have been put to death for the future security of that place.*" Such is the simple announcement of the massacre.—The godly city raised no cry of horror and indignation, such as she did over a similar slaughter in Jamaica, in 1865, under far more aggravating circumstances.

But let us read a little more.—"By a gentleman, who arrived here a few days ago, from the coast of Africa, we are informed of the arrival of the Captains Morris, Ferguson and Wickham of this port, who write very discouraging accounts of the trade upon the coast, and that upwards of 200 gallons of real rum had been given for slaves per head, and scarcely to be got at any rate for that commodity. *This must be sensibly felt by this poor and distressed Government, the inhabitants whereof being at this time very large adventurers in the trade, having sent and about sending upwards of 20 sail of vessels, computed to carry in the whole, about 9000 hogsheads of rum, a quantity much too large for the places on the coast, where that commodity has generally been vended.* We hear that many vessels are also gone and going, from the neighboring Governments, likewise from Barbadoes, from which place, a large cargo of rum had arrived before our informant had left the coast, of which they gave 270 gallons for a prime slave." How touching is this lament at the high price of negroes and at the glutting of the market with New-England rum! Who does not pity the poor distressed traders in flesh and blood! And now we think we understand the whole change in their views and sentiments. When the negro rose in value to 200 gallons of rum, the conscience of some humane man began to trouble him, about the lawfulness of the trade; when he rose to 250 gallons, the monitions of conscience became louder and more troublesome; and when the price reached 300 gallons, the stings of conscience could no longer be borne. The penitent slaver became a reformer, and wished to convert all mankind to his views. The crusade against the slave trade extended to slavery when it ceased to be profitable. The slaves were sent South and then the States, which had got rid of them, abolished slavery. Next, the reformers determine to deprive the descendants of the purchasers of their property. War with its carnage follows, and all from overstocking the coast of Africa with New-England rum!

What a rebuke do these extracts give to spiritual pride and intolerance. The qualities upon which men plume themselves to-day may be objects of abhorrence to their descendants. Those, who are now reviled and persecuted may be regarded with reverence by succeeding generations. Lastly,

the fact that the sons of the slave-traders became the fiercest of abolitionists brings up a parallel in Jewish history. "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. *Wherefore, ye be witness unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them that killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.*"

General E. P. Alexander, late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's celebrated corps, has been chosen by General L. to write its history. He is now a Professor in the University of S. C. at Columbia. He wishes to get reports from all officers of the corps, whether they had command of divisions, brigades, regiments or companies on detached duty. As this work involves the vindication of the truth of history, we earnestly hope that he may receive a most cordial support.

Frank E. Burke, Esq., of Burnsville, near Selma, Ala., calls upon the unfortunate sufferers during the war, to furnish him with authentic facts, in regard to atrocities perpetrated. If he receive the response, which he has a right to expect, he will have to employ more than one publishing house. The paper mills of the country ought to try to promote his laudable and much needed work.

The poem "Sic Transit" was sent to us by the author, as a contribution. We did not know until after it was in press, that it had appeared previously in the "Crescent monthly." The author had sent it to the "Crescent," but was not aware of its publication, till after it was sent to us.

E. J. Hale & Son, 496 Broadway New York, are the only Southern Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers in that city. Mr. Hale is well known to the people of N. C., as one of our very best and most estimable citizens. As Editor of the Fayetteville Observer, he had a prominent position in the editorial corps. By industry and integrity, he had accumulated a handsome fortune. But General Sherman, in order to suppress the rebellion, found it necessary to burn his office, bookstore and factory, thus reducing him in a few moments from wealth to poverty. May he receive from the generous public that patronage, which his probity and sterling worth deserve.

We are glad to see the New York papers speak highly of the eloquence and legal ability of our old friend, General Roger A. Pryor. When Butler was making *faints* (the spelling is correct) around Petersburg, in the summer of 1864, we know of our personal knowledge, that the most reliable information of the movements of the hero of Dutch Gap were obtained through the bold scouting of General P. Some of his adventures were quite romantic in their character for daring and success.

We remember with what wonder and awe, when a child, we used to gaze upon some old portraits, whose eyes seemed to follow us with rebuking scrutiny into every corner of the apartment. To our excited imagination, the figures seemed just ready to step out of their frames, and scarcely any additional surprise would have been felt, had they done so. With a similar feeling of amazement, we have often noticed a pen and ink sketch of a most atrocious character portrayed in a remarkable volume, which is so seldom seen, if seen at all, by the parties to whom we wish to commend it, that a description of it may not be out of place.—

The unpleasant truths contained in this remarkable volume account, as we suppose, for its not being read by the persons alluded to, since it is issued from the press of one of the largest publishing houses in the City of New York, and their *imprimatur* ought to give it general circulation. It is *unique* in its arrangement, being divided into sixty-six books, generally named after their authors, but sometimes from the subjects.—These books are subdivided into sections called chapters, and these sections again subdivided into paragraphs called verses. The volume is issued by the American Bible Society, and the pen and ink sketch is to be found in that book of it, which is marked III John. "*But Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not,* * * * *prating against us with malicious words: and not content therewith, neither doth he receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out* of the church."

The arrogant, self-righteous, intolerant dictator here pictured seems to be doomed for his crimes to a perpetual existence, like the Wandering Jew, a living torment to himself and to all around him. In the year of our Lord 30, he was called "Pharisee," and resided in Palestine; in the year 60, when John wrote, he went by the name of "Diotrephes," and is supposed to have resided in Asia Minor; during the French Revolution, he resided in France and was there called "Jacobin;" he has lately appeared in America under the last name, but with a more intensified hatefulness of character.

The picture given by John haunts us, as did the old portraits. The scowling eyes follow us everywhere; the mouth seems just ready to belch forth curses and blasphemy, the hand seems to be drawn back to strike the powerless, and the foot seems to rise to trample into the dust the lovely and the innocent. But we hope that the *soulless* figure will never be vivified, but even should the breath of life be breathed into it, there is a frame of Tennessee iron around it, which will hold it to its place—a scowling, but harmless picture of Jacobin wickedness.

General John L. T. Sneed of Somerville, Tennessee, a native of North Carolina, is desirous to collect materials for biographical sketches of "Gaston and his contemporaries." He would be thankful for incidents in the lives of Judge Haywood, Chief Justice Taylor, Chief Justice Henderson, Judge Nash, Hon. John Stanly, and Judge Badger, as well as for facts in regard to the illustrious Gaston himself.

General Sneed is entirely competent for the task, and the friends of the distinguished persons named above would do well to co-operate with one, who will bring to his work zeal, conscientiousness and ability.

Our Advertisements.—Davidson College in years past has done a noble work, not merely for the cause of education, but also for the cause of christianity. With an increased Faculty and under new auspices, we trust that she is about to enter upon a nobler career of usefulness than ever before granted to her. Thorough scholars are seldom made at the mammoth Institutions, where mobs of students are collected, and where it is impossible for them to receive the requisite training, discipline and attention.

The ripe scholarship and refined taste of Messrs Brown and Hoge are guaranties that their Eclectic will be *the* Magazine of the country. A distinguishing feature is selecting articles from the best religious periodicals of the old world. *That* was a happy thought, and one, which in our opinion, will ensure success. In this restless,

changing, revolutionary country, we need the sober views of a graver and more conservative people. The selections will be from the wisest and holiest of that people.

At a time when no Southern Editor could give free utterance to his opinions, without danger of a bayonet being thrust into his window, Dr. Deems established the Watchman in New York City.—He has, ever since, boldly vindicated the character of the Southern people and repelled unjust charges made against them. This entitles him to our lasting gratitude. His paper, in point of literary merit, stands in the front rank of American journals.

We can consistently recommend the two female schools advertised in our columns. The one has the confidence of the Presbytery in whose charge it is. The other located here, we can endorse from our own personal knowledge.

BOOK NOTICES.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT. An Historical Romance. By L. Mulbach, Author of Joseph II. and his Court. D. Appleton & Co., 1866.

It is almost needless to say that the publishers have given us a thoroughly accurate and most beautifully executed piece of workmanship. Their name is a guarantee for that always, and most generally for the literary merits of the book.

There is a large class of readers, who never study the characters of the great men of history and are dependent for impressions concerning them, to the drama and the historical novel. To these persons, the two books of Mulbach will be invaluable. They give life-like pictures of the German Courts, which few authors have hitherto attempted to do. Mulbach has not the descriptive power of Scott, nor his rare command of language, but the division of his books into short chapters, and the dramatic style of the narrative enchain the attention and keep up an unflagging interest. Few are willing to lay down either of his books, until they have read to the end. A singular instance of this came within our own observation. An officer of rank had begun the reading of Muhlbach's Joseph II., the day before one of the great battles of the war, but was unable to finish it then. His interest had become so much aroused, that he took the book with him on the field, and during the intervals of fight, (which lasted all day,) he resumed the reading of the story that had so charmed him. The power of fiction was never more signally displayed.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Ticknor and Fields. Boston, 1866.

The genuine wit, melting pathos, and true poetry of Dr. Holmes have made his name familiar to all Americans. He has said of himself that he "was afraid to be as funny as he could be." But there are touches of nature of a pathetic character, which will be remembered, when his wit has been forgotten. In the last days of the Confederacy, one verse of his, on the flag of the old Ironsides kept ringing in our ears, day and night, for weeks.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the cloud no more!

The substitution of "Southern" for "ocean" made the verse en-

tirely applicable to our own loved flag. The third verse is peculiarly fine.

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

"The lament of Brother Jonathan for Sister Caroline," written when S. C. seceded, has been much admired. The extracts below are not out of place now.

O, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,
Our foreheads both sprinkled in liberty's name
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said "she is hasty—and does not mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget."

We commend these sentiments to the illustrious author of the "Barbarism of Slavery." The closing verse, too, may do him some good.

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches, and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

Poor Carrie has got back, but to find the door shut by the great warrior above alluded to.

There is an ode to a "Sweet Little Man," which would suit some big men, in the late Secessia, not remarkable for their sweetness.

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feather from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster;
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

Now then, nine cheers for the stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather-plume, sweet little man!

SHERBROOKE. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 1866.

This is a well-told tale of a brave struggle against poverty in the midst of trial, sickness and suffering of no ordinary degree.—The author has happily illustrated the fine sentiment of Carlyle, "there is a perennial nobleness in work." Would that the whole country felt the force, beauty and truth of this grand thought! The scenes of the novel are true to nature, and the language simple, yet chaste and appropriate.—Where there is so much to admire, we are loth to exhibit a carping spirit. But there is a want of delicacy, not to say coarseness, in the closing love-passages, which do not suit this latitude.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDY JOHNSON. By a National Man.—New York, D. Appleton & Company, 1866.

The rage for the word "national" has become quite national.—We have national banks, national expresses, national newspapers, national magazines, national steamers, national hotels, &c., &c. In our own goodly City of Charlotte, we have a first national bank; just opposite it, is the first national express company. Next door door to the latter, our colored friend Jim has a first national barber shop. Why is it that in all this multitudinous application of the name, we have no national drinking houses? Why are not national whittling sticks peddled